

and thirty cents per hour for committee work. The salary of the mayor, as fixed in 1889, was \$300 a year.

The other city officers had very meager allowances. In some cases men were given several offices that the total emoluments might be enough to justify serving the public. For instance in 1874, L. John Nuttall held the offices of county recorder, county clerk, and city recorder; and Warren N. Dusenberry was prosecuting attorney and city attorney. The following items of compensation, taken from the city record in 1868, will serve as an illustration of salaries paid: James W. Loveless, city watermaster, \$50; L. John Nuttall, city recorder for several years, \$136.60; Thomas Clarkson, attending the city pound and city beer saloon, \$240; Isaac Bullock, sundry services a city marshal from October 13, 1866, to February 1, 1868, \$50; John Henry Smith, for 52 hours' services as policeman, \$10.

POLITICS IN IDAHO

Oxford—Early politics in Oxford, Idaho, where I was born and reared played an important part in my life. My father, Wm. F. Fisher, was interested in politics and when I was a very small child, he was assessor and collector, and also was deputy sheriff for Oneida County when that county was a very large territory. It included what is now Bannock, Bear Lake, Franklin, Madison, Clark, Caribou, and Teton counties, and a large part of Fremont, Power, Bonneville and Bingham counties. My brother, George H. Fisher, served as representative and senator at different times when Oxford was in Bannock county. Every election fall many political rallies were held in Oxford. My father, at our home in Oxford, entertained many a candidate for governor and other state and county offices. Men from both political parties—McConnell, Stuenenberg, Hawley, Alexander, and others.

I remember father was choir leader in the L.D.S. Church and I was organist. The rallies were held in the "meeting house" as we called the church building. At the beginning of the rallies father began the program by having the choir sing patriotic songs. Often solos were sung. It was unusual, but the speakers in our community were always very complimentary to each other. It was during the fall of 1898 when I began teaching my first school in Oxford that political rallies played an interesting part in my life. I had known the young man I married as long as I could remember. We went to the same schools and church and had the same social life. It was an election fall. In those days in the small towns nearly everyone attended the rallies. One morning about 8:30, as I was nearly to the school house, I met Lou as he came in from the ranch for some needed piece of machinery. He debonnairely asked me to go with him to the rally that evening and thus our courtship began. Just before another election fall we were married.

My mother was active along in the early '90's in helping the cause of woman's suffrage. In 1896 there was great interest in politics. William Jennings Bryan was a candidate for the presidency indorsed by the Populists, a new party, and the Silver Republicans. He urged the adoption of the policy of free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. My sister Minnie's boy friend sent to her that fall a unique floral gift—sixteen white chrysanthemums around a large gold colored one in the center.

—Stella Fisher Brossard.

TRAILS AND PIONEER FREIGHTERS WHO FOLLOWED THEM

In the historic freighting period which extended from 1847 until long after the coming of the railroad, Utah's people played an important part. Salt Lake Valley was the key point in the great Overland Route between the Missouri and the Atlantic coast and a place of diversion for many trails leading East, West, North and South. Trails had been made by famous path makers, scouts, and trappers, but it remained for the pioneers of Utah to develop and use them as one means of conquering a desert.

The real beginning of freighting in Utah's Mormondon started when these first pioneers walked beside the wagons along the Mormon trail following the north bank of the Platte River. These wagons carried precious freight, household goods, clothing, and food enough to last sometimes a year. They guarded it well, for the freight they carried meant life itself.

Then as each year went by bringing an influx of pioneers, Utah's freighting was given an impetus, for as the population grew the peoples' wants increased. They needed no special inducement to till the soil, to build homes and to develop home industry; but still there existed an urge in the hearts of most pioneers to reach the standards of living to which they had been accustomed before their advent into the West. Some finished goods were supplied by each new pioneer who brought into the valley a surplus which he soon exchanged for food. Also, the gold rush of '49 brought commodities which helped supply the people's wants. But it soon became a known fact that in order to secure articles needed and desired by the people that were not manufactured or raised in the valley, freighting companies must be organized.

Non-Mormon Merchants—It was not long before the many non-Mormon merchants in Utah were assuming control of both freighting and merchandizing. In most cases the would-be merchant started from the Missouri freighting large supplies of stocks which he sold in Utah

"Heart Throbs of the⁵³ West," Vol. 10

during the winter for flour, grain, cattle, etc. The next spring he would move on to California freighting his acquired produce. Some, however, stayed on in the valley and became permanent merchants.

William Jennings arrived in Utah in 1853 with three wagons loaded with groceries which he had freighted from St. Joseph, Missouri. Such firms as J. M. Horner and Company, Walker Brothers, Levi Stewart and Company, H. L. Eldredge and Company, and many others engaged in commercial activities, and employed freighters to bring their goods from both the east and west markets. Sometimes they directed their own freighting companies, but often employed private companies to bring their merchandise across the plains. Livingston and Kinkead freighted \$20,000 worth of states goods to Great Salt Lake Valley in 1849, then opened their first store. Holliday and Warner had as their chief clerk one William Hooper of whom it is said:

"In 1853, and while in company with Holliday and Warner, Hooper went to California with a large consignment of cattle, horses, flour, etc., which later he disposed of to a large company of emigrants on the road. While in California, he sold his interest in the profits to Holliday and Warner, clearing \$10,000 by the transaction."

Once a year the merchants renewed their stock by going East in the spring to buy, then in the early autumn, trains of freighters would return with the goods in time for October Conference, which was the real buying season in Utah.

TRAILS KNOWN IN HISTORY THE OVERLAND TRAIL

In 1792, a crew of sailors out of Boston on a trading cruise to the west coast and China, sailed into the mouth of a large river in Oregon and named it after their ship, the Columbia. The log of this voyage was the principal claim of the United States to the Northwest territory. If the claim were to be upheld against those of Russia, England, and Spain, a new route had to be explored through the vast unknown wilderness west of the Mississippi. Any trail that led westward by land and stream from the United States to the Pacific Coast was an overland trail. When the way had been sufficiently explored to determine the best route for a wagon trail to roll from the Missouri to the Columbia, the route was called the Oregon Trail. Many explorers in the interest either of the United States government or of private companies blazed the way to the west. The first to make the venture were Lewis and Clark.

Lewis and Clark.—In 1804, an expedition was organized by President Jefferson under the direction of Captain Merriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark to explore the Louisiana territory, which had been recently purchased from France, by following up the Missouri river to its source and going thence to the Pacific ocean. They discovered the Yellowstone and Marias rivers, named the three forks that form the Missouri, the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin, crossed through the Shining mountains (the Rockies) at the Lemhi pass, pressed northward to the Clearwater which they followed into the Lewis river (the Snake) and

thence into the Columbia. They arrived at the Pacific coast in November, 1805. The return journey was made over practically the same route, and on September 23, 1806, they reached St. Louis, where they went to shore to receive "a most hearty welcome from the whole village."

Henry's Fort.—In 1810, Andrew Henry, in command of a few trappers of the Missouri Fur Company, followed down Henry's fork to the upper valley of the Snake river, and there built a fort in which to spend the winter. Two or three log houses and a dug-out were erected, and it was named Henry's Fort. The next spring the fort was abandoned because of the scarcity of food, and a few years later the cabins were burned. Recent excavations have revealed that the exact location of the dug-out was at Egin, about ten miles north of Rexburg. One rock inscription that was uncovered reads, "Fort Henry 1811 by Cap Hunt."

Wilson Price Hunt.—In 1811, Wilson Price Hunt was sent by John Jacob Astor to find an overland route to his trading post at Astoria on the Columbia. Captain Hunt led a mixed party, largely made up of French voyageurs, from St. Louis to the Arikara villages on the upper Missouri. There he left the Louis and Clark trail and took a more southerly course into Wyoming and through the Jackson Hole country to Fort Henry. It was a great disappointment to find the fort deserted. They pressed on under great difficulties following the Snake river to the mouth of the Weiser, crossed the mountains to the west through the snows of winter, and then turned northwest to the Umattilla river, which they followed until it entered the Columbia. They arrived at Astoria February 15, 1812, having opened a new trail through the wilderness.

Robert Stuart.—June 29, 1812, Robert Stuart left Astoria to return to St. Louis by the new overland route, and to report to Mr. Astor the success of Hunt's expedition. His small party of ten men were accompanied by fifty others until they passed the thieving Indians at the Dalles. Miller, one of Hunt's men, had trapped furs in Idaho and claimed to know a shorter way home. Above American Falls, they turned off from the Snake river and followed up the Port Neuf through a pass in the mountains into the beautiful Bear river valley. Here they were robbed of their horses by a band of Crow Indians and forced northward off their path into Pierre's Hole. After wandering about on foot, they met some friendly Indians who sold them one horse and directed them to South Pass. They followed through, down the Sweetwater and North Platte to Grand Island, where they exchanged their one horse for a canoe made by the Indians, and floated the rest of the way down the Missouri to St. Louis. At last a route to the Northwest over which wagons could pass had been found, and the Oregon Trail was assured.

THE OREGON TRAIL

A wagon trail was essential to the final settlement of the west. Explorers and trappers brought back such remarkable stories of the riches to be gained in trading, mining, and agriculture from the region beyond the Shining mountains that a great unrest stirred the American people and a desire to seek new opportunities along the Pacific coast. By 1834 the wagon trail was opened to traffic and the long procession began that was to last nearly fifty years. It had many cut-offs and extensions, but the main road was called the Oregon Trail. From Westport, Indepen-

dence, Fort Leavenworth, West a single road to Fort Leavenworth, south bank of the North fork, Pass, along the Sweetwater, and took Sublette's cut-off they by again near Bear lake. Thence the Snake river to Fort Boise northward through the Blue directly west to the Columbia Washington or followed down the plains.

Fort Laramie—The American at the junction of the Laramie a favorite stopping place for all was taken over by the U. S. gtection of the thousands of emi as a home station for the Pony

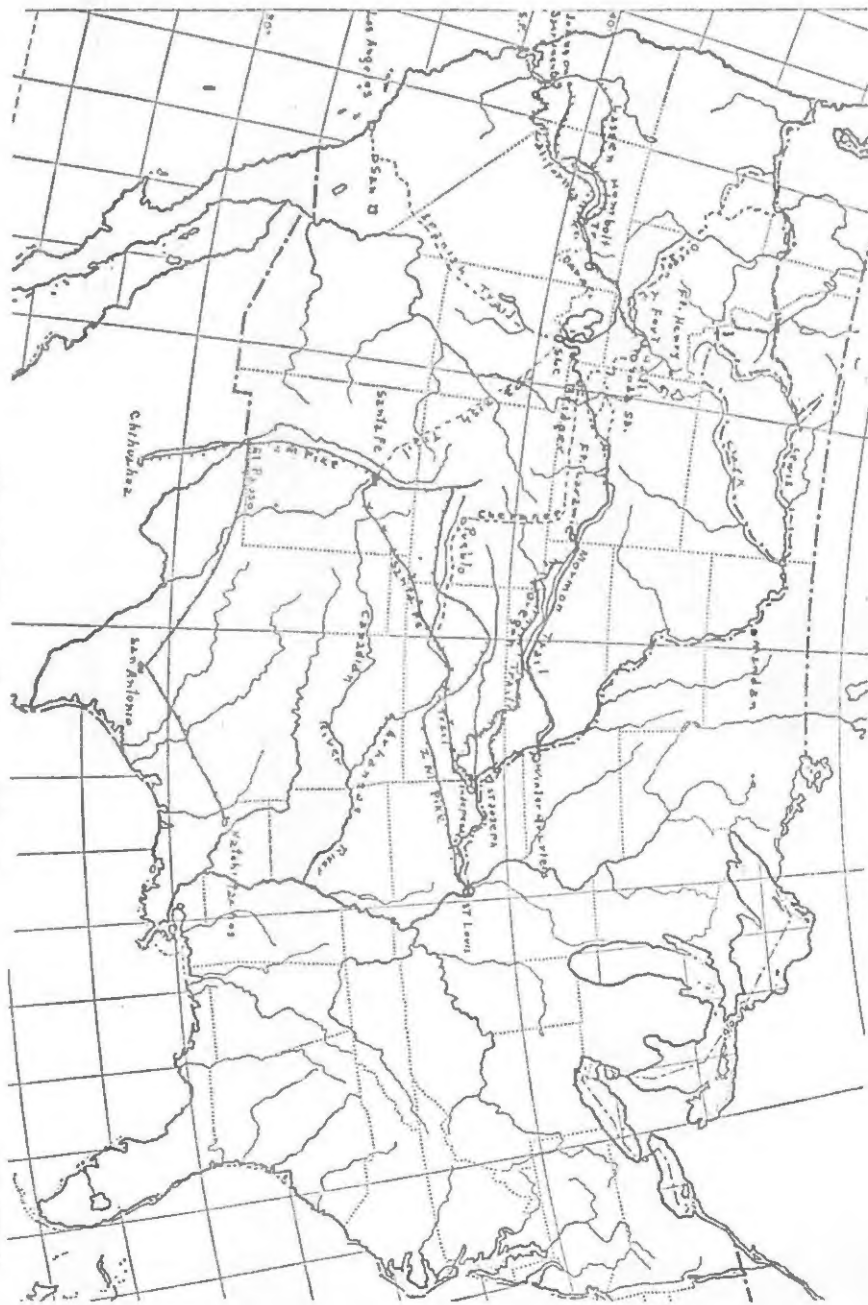
Fort Hall—Nathaniel Wye Oregon with the purpose of m the Indians for furs. They sen and with the help of Sublette boats of the first two expediti took his trinkets with him over too late for Ashley's rendezvo market for their goods. With and protection. Wyeth led his a fort to house their supplies, Boston patron. After two year rivals, Fort Hall was sold to the it became a prominent terminal

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Old Trails Western Freighters Followed

(IVY TOWLER)





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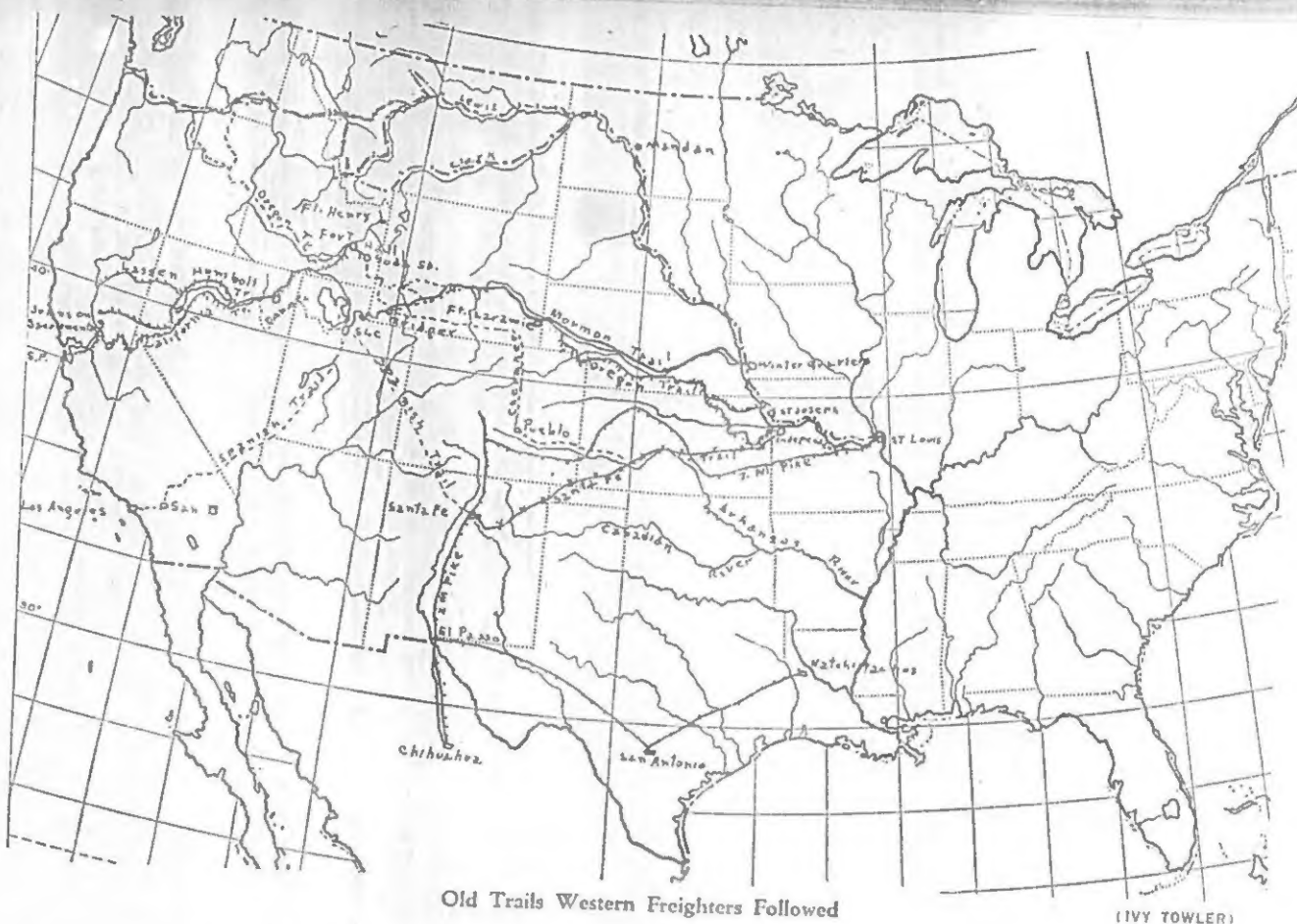
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Old Trails Western Freighters Followed

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dence, Fort Leavenworth, Weston or St. Joseph, the emigrants drove on the plains of Kansas, crossed the Big Blue river, and turned northwest on a single road to Fort Leavenworth on the Platte. They followed the south bank of the North fork, passed Fort Laramie, through the South Pass, along the Sweetwater, and southwest to Fort Bridger. Or if they took Sublette's cut-off they by-passed Bridger and joined the main trail again near Bear Lake. Thence they drove northwest to Fort Hall, along the Snake river to Fort Boise, crossed the river into Oregon, thence northward through the Blue mountains to old Fort Walla Walla, and directly west to the Columbia. From here they drove northwest into Washington or followed down the great river to their various destinations.

Fort Laramie—The American Fur Company established Fort Laramie at the junction of the Laramie river with the North Platte, and it became a favorite stopping place for all the travelers along the trail. In 1849, it was taken over by the U. S. government as an Army Post for the protection of the thousands of emigrants passing by, and in 1860, it was used as a home station for the Pony Express.

Fort Hall—Nathaniel Wyeth led a party of New Englanders toward Oregon with the purpose of making their fortunes by trading trinkets to the Indians for furs. They sent their supplies around the Horn by boat and with the help of Sublette made their way into the fur country. The boats of the first two expeditions were lost at sea. Undaunted, Wyeth took his trinkets with him overland on his third trip in 1834, but arrived too late for Ashley's rendezvous in the Bear river valley. There was no market for their goods. With winter coming on, they needed shelter and protection. Wyeth led his party to the upper Snake, where they built a fort to house their supplies, and named it Fort Hall in honor of their Boston patron. After two years of fruitless effort against their British rivals, Fort Hall was sold to the Hudson Bay Fur Company. In later years, it became a prominent terminal on the Oregon Trail.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Santa Fe! The very name carries us into a wonderland of romance. Santa Fe, the heart of the great southwest, was one of the oldest cities in the United States. It was the capital of a rich Spanish province and a market place for the goods of the old southwest, a market that was hungry for the goods of the new American Republic, which lay beyond the mountains a thousands miles to the eastward. The Rockies were a barrier between the southwest and the United States and so were the prairies, a sea of grass and sagebrush. True, they had been crossed by the Spanish explorer de Vava four hundred years ago, and by Coronado in 1540, but it wasn't until 1806 that a little band of American soldiers wandered into the Rocky mountains, looking for the Red River. Their leader was Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike. He re-discovered Santa Fe. Its wealth, and its need for trade, stirred Pike's interest. He returned to tell of the first American mule trains began heading down the Santa Fe Trail. There were dozens of pack animals, scores of them and even hundreds in a train. Two hundred and fifty pounds were carried per mule at \$12 a hundred pounds.

Then Richard Campbell, in 1827, with thirty-five men and a pack train, traveled from Santa Fe to San Diego. McKnight, Chambers, and Baird ventured to Santa Fe as early as 1812. William Becknell went over the trail from Independence in 1821. In 1822, Cooper and his sons with a party of about fifteen people, arrived at Taos with \$15,000 worth of goods. In 1824 wagons were used and it was demonstrated that wagons could replace pack trains; thus the Santa Fe Trail was born and over it passed thousands of freighters.

—Information, "Breaking the Wilderness."

THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL

William Henry Ashley and Jedediah Strong Smith were the leaders of two divisions making possible the discovery and utilization of a central route by way of the Platte, the interior basin and the Colorado river. Ashley's expedition mapped the course as far as the Green river and the Great Salt Lake by way of the North Platte and the South Platte, while Smith continued the route reaching California by way of the Colorado river and the Mojave Desert, returning from central California eastward across Nevada to Great Salt Lake. Smith was the first white man to traverse the entire length of California and Oregon to the Columbia river.

Forty-niners—When gold was discovered at Sutter's mill on the Sacramento river in 1848, word soon spread all over the continent, and a rush to the placer mines was on. People in California easily reached their destination, but folks east of the divide had to wait until the spring of 1849 to make their journey. In that one year over seventy thousand emigrants crowded along the Oregon Trail. When they reached Fort Bridger, some continued to Salt Lake City, thence around the north end of Great Salt Lake, westward down either side of the Humboldt to Carson, and on to Placerville and Sacramento. This was known as the California Trail. Some used Sublett's cut-off to Soda Springs, and from there Hudspeth's cut-off to the main trail in southern Idaho; and from the Humboldt, Lassen's cut-off led through the mountains to the upper Sacramento river, and another cut-off led to Johnson's ranch. In the end all the trails led to the placer mines. Following the miners came the freighters bringing fresh supplies and a new way to make a fortune.

THE MORMON TRAIL

On April 5, 1847, Brigham Young left Winter Quarters on the Missouri river with his vanguard of Utah pioneers. They followed the north bank of the Platte river, breaking a new trail until they reached Fort Laramie. Here they crossed the river and joined the Oregon Trail which they followed to Fort Bridger. Again they separated from the beaten track and followed the faint trail made by fur traders and the Donner party down Echo canyon to Henefer, through East canyon, over Big mountain, across Mountain Dell, over Little mountain, down Emigration canyon, and into Salt Lake valley, arriving July 21 to 24 at their chosen home on City Creek.

During the next twenty years, eighty-six thousand Mormon emigrants traveled this trail besides the hundreds of thousands of gold seekers and traders who passed through Salt Lake City on the California Trail and the Spanish Trail on their way to the coast.

The Montana Trail

Precious metals were mined in the Rocky mountains extending from New Mexico north to Montana all during the period of settlement. American prospectors broke new trails into the mountains to their diggings and when the yield was large, traders wore the paths into roads and well developed highways carrying in their supplies. One such trail led northward from Salt Lake City past Fort Hall, through the mountains (possibly through the Nez Perce pass) into Montana, and was known as the Montana Trail.

The Cherokee Trail

The Cherokee Trail followed the Santa Fe Trail to the Arkansas river, thence along the north bank of the river to Pueblo, thence north into Wyoming, and thence west to Fort Bridger. It was used largely by mining people and traders.

THE SPANISH TRAIL

The Spanish Trail, sometimes known as the Mormon-California Trail, reaches from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, California. Starting at Salt Lake, the trail goes through Provo, Nephi, on south to Fillmore, Cedar City, St. George, then to Las Vegas, Nevada. From Las Vegas the old trail bears to the southwest of Cottonwood Springs and what is now the Wilson Ranch, and from this point continues its trend southwest to Mountain Springs, a distance of forty-five miles, thence to Kingston Springs, some forty-five miles farther. From Kingston Springs, the trail drops over the mountain and leads down towards the sinks of the Mojave river. It then follows up the Mojave river over the Cajon Pass and goes through San Bernardino on to Los Angeles.

"The Old Spanish Trail from Santa Fe to Southern California ran through Utah. After crossing the Green River from the east it divided, one branch running through Spanish Fork canyon to Utah Valley and the other through Emery canyon to the Sevier Valley. Thence it ran southwestward to Southern California. The western freighters traveled this route to and from California. They brought great freight trains over it for the merchants of Salt Lake City. Much of the freight came from the east by boat to San Bernardino and from there was conveyed by wagon more than 1000 miles to Utah. The colony of original Utah pioneers established in San Bernardino soon after Salt Lake City was settled, aided greatly in maintaining the shipping of valuable and needed goods into the Salt Lake Valley."—Levi Edgar Young.

Fremont passed over this trail in 1843 on one of his famous exploration trips. He called it a "mule path." Members of the Mormon Battalion were the first Mormons to pass this way. Henry G. Boyle, one of the members of the Mormon Battalion, writes: "I remained with the Battalion in California until March 14, 1848, when we were mustered out of service, and left for Salt Lake City, arriving there June 5, 1848. We brought the first wagon over the southern route."

—Ivy C. Towler.

SOME FIRSTS IN WAGON WHEELS

Cannon on Wheels—Jedediah Smith and company made their way to the rendezvous in Bear Lake Valley, arriving there in the mid-afternoon of July 3, 1827. "My arrival," said Jedediah briefly, "caused a considerable bustle in the camp, for myself and party had been given up as lost. A small cannon brought up from St. Louis was loaded and fired a salute. To a man who had come through such sharp perils, through weeks of hunger, thirst and grinding fatigue after months of wandering, the cannon might be accepted without surprise with no sense of wonder or pre-science. But the cannon had come on a wheeled carriage, the first wheeled vehicle to cross the continental divide. In 1824 Ashley had started from Fort Atkinson with a wagon and teams, but the wagon had been abandoned somewhere along the way. This four-pound cannon of 1827 left its wheeled track up the long valley of the Green into the valley of the Bear."

Ten Wagons—"On April 10, 1830, William Sublette led the first wagons out of St. Louis. The train was made up of eighty-one men, ten wagons, drawn by five mules each, two drawn by one mule each, twelve head of cattle and one cow which were driven along for beef and milk. Sublette reached his destination, the fur rendezvous on the Wind River of the Rockies, on July 16. Piling the wagons high with precious furs, he began the return trip, reaching St. Louis on October 10. The feasibility of a wagon trail had been proven."

Twenty Wagons—Following the early trappers came Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, who spent the years from 1832 to 1835 in the Rocky mountain country and who brought the first wagons into Utah. These wagons, twenty in number, were drawn by oxen and carried cargoes of goods for the Indian trade.

TRAVEL AND FREIGHT

How to travel across the plains with sufficient speed and general effectiveness seems to be receiving great attention all around. Everybody appears to be getting tired of the primitive method of ox, mule, and horse teaming and staging and several other means of operation are talked about.

Every once in a while somebody starts the rumor that the camels are coming, that somebody in the East is about to supplant "prairie schooners" by "ships of the desert," although, by many, the hump-backed animals are considered about played out for use in connecting the traffic of the two slopes of this continent.

As often as the camel enterprise is revamped, the papers are broached on the subject of the employment of steam traction engines on the plains. A statement of this kind is now going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that a company has been formed at New York and Boston, with a capital stock of \$6,000,000, for the purpose of placing steam traction engines upon the roads between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains—670 miles; that an engine of 32 tons is being built, to be soon put in use; that the route from Nebraska to Denver has been surveyed and found admirably adapted to the use of traction engines; that the introduction of such engines would enable trains to cross the plains in six days.

Traction engines, according to the papers, have been successfully used on the macadamized roads in Britain of late, a great improvement in their design and construction having been effected. If it is practicable to use them with profit in carrying goods and passengers across the plains, by all means let us have the engines at work as speedily as possible. Anything to lessen the risk, tedium and expense of that journey would be a God-send to the nation. For ourselves, we are fully tired of the present tedious and expensive methods of traveling or freighting from the Missouri to the Sacramento, and we shall hail the inauguration of better modes. There has been about enough of snow-bound emigration and freighting to satisfy any old fogies. Let us see a little progress in these matters.

Nature has denied river communication to a large part of the route between the two oceans, and the only satisfactory means will be the railroad, but until that shall be completed, let us have any improvements possible—Holliday, Butterfield, camels, traction engines, one and all, so that something quicker, cheaper, more effective and more generally satisfactory can be enjoyed by the general public.

—Daily Telegraph and Deseret News, 1865.

THAT FREIGHTING

Those who toil hard here to develop the resources of the Territory and make it a place fit to live in, are the very persons who should control the chief benefits of the trade which the settlement of this forbidding portion of the earth has been the means of creating. There is no right nor reason in outside speculators coming here by express train and reaping the choicest of the harvest which others have sown and tended, and brought to promising maturity, and then such speculators running back by express train and taking their means with them to spend elsewhere.

If there is money and other advantages to be obtained in the freighting trade, why should not our own people have those advantages and the means be made to conduce to the welfare of the wealth of the citizens of the Territory, instead of to strangers, who have no further interest here than to make and carry off the dimes? Why should not some of our citizens follow freighting as a business, doing it on business principles? Instances might be mentioned of persons among us following this occupation to advantage and winning a good name for integrity and general reliability. Others might do the same, and others, until all, or nearly all the carrying trade connected with this Territory would be controlled by our citizens.

In order to effect so desirable a consummation, however, there must be close attention to the usual requirements of business. Faith is an excellent thing in its place, but those who require freighting done, are not willing to rely upon that alone—and those who undertake to freight for others are expected to enter into engagements and to be prepared to fulfill them, or forfeit accordingly. This must be taken into consideration by all those who purpose to enter into the business; as abortive attempts through ill-preparedness would be highly injurious, not only directly to the persons concerned, but indirectly to many others. Undertake what you have the best reason for supposing you can carry well through and no more.

There are persons among us and of us who are perfectly capable of undertaking and carrying out the freighting business and to such our merchants would be pleased to intrust their goods, knowing their capabilities and experience in travelling and crossing the plains.

A half million dollars of greenbacks might be paid annually to such men, and a corresponding portion of the same be distributed among others of our citizens whom they might employ, just as well as to and among the same number of strangers, and we may recur to this subject time and again until the dollars upon dollars now drained out of the Territory in this connection are made to pass through the hands and contribute to the comfort of thousands of our citizens.

—Daily Telegraph and Deseret News, 1865.

OBSERVATIONS

"In 1865 Samuel Bowles, in company with Governor William Bross of Illinois, traveled by stage from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. They stopped for study and leisure in Colorado, Utah, and Nevada. 'New West,' written by Samuel Bowles in 1865 to 1868, gives a vivid description of his observations of the extensive shipping by freight through these states. Merchandise and machinery were carried in huge freight wagons, holding from five to ten tons each, and drawn by ten or twelve strong horses or mules, moving to the music of bells attached to their harnesses.

"Study revealed that in 1863 twelve million dollars were paid for freight between California and the Salt Lake Basin. The charges varied from five to ten cents a pound, depending upon the type of merchandise. Valuable clothing material, musical instruments, fine china and even farming implements were sent from foreign ports to San Francisco and were brought overland by expert freighters. An approximate count revealed that seven thousand teams passed over the road in one year."

—From the "New West."

ORGANIZED FREIGHTING COMPANIES

While the leaders of the Mormon people were placing much stress upon home production, home markets and home reliance, yet they, too, depended upon a freighting system for machinery, staple goods and materials needed to build a great commonwealth.

Great Salt Lake Carrying Co.—One of the first attempts of the pioneers to establish freight and passenger service was made in 1849, when the Great Salt Lake Valley Carrying Company was organized. Service began simultaneously in Kaneshville, Nebraska and Salt Lake City in the spring of 1850. The fare from Kaneshville to Sutter's Fort, California, was in the neighborhood of \$300 while freight to Salt Lake City was \$250.00 per ton.

The Deseret News carried the following: "Those who cast their lot with us, may expect the proprietors to use every exertion to render them as comfortable as the nature of the journey will admit. Yet we do not wish anyone to think that it is a play spell to cross the mountains, neither do we desire to hold out any inducements but those which are substantially true, as we are desirous of proving ourselves worthy of confidence,

proposed in us by the highest authorities of the State of Deseret, under whose direction we organized, and from whom (in connection with all our friends) we look for strength, influence and support to aid us in our arduous undertaking. That all interested may understand we will further add, that each wagon designed for the 'Swiftsure Line,' will be drawn by four horses or mules, with sufficient number of loose animals as a reserve in case of accident or failure. Wagons with merchandise will be drawn by oxen, purchased expressly for this line and business. Merchants sending goods by this line, will please consign them to 'S. Roundy and Co., Deseret and Iowa Depot.'"

Within a year the firm was forced to suspend operations.

THE B. Y. EXPRESS AND CARRYING CO.

The territorial legislature of 1855-56 discussed the proposal to establish a daily line of stages from the Missouri through Utah to California. The difference of the plan, the vast expense of providing animals for nearly two thousand miles coaching, the necessity of establishing inns of some kind every ten or fifteen miles, the danger from Indians, and the clear impossibility of continuing the line through the winter, was set forth by one party; the other demonstrated the certain profit from the scheme of business, the advantages to the country of an influx of wealth, and the probability of their carrying the U. S. mail and receiving a good fat sum for the work. About the same time a mass meeting was held in the Tabernacle, the result of which was the forming of a company of shareholders, called The B. Y. Express and Carrying Company. They received through the bidding of Hiram Kimball a contract to carry the mail from the States to Utah. President Young let it be known that freighting into Utah would be less expensive which the following letter shows:

"Our merchants can have their freight brought in at more moderate rates than they can bring their own freights, and eventually, our people may send in their orders and means, and by return of carrying trains have their sugar and coffee at 25 or 26 cents per pound, instead of paying 40 cents as they now have to do, and other things in proportion; and our passengers and good trains will all be mule teams, traveling 50 miles per day, changing mules every station, built at suitable points and frequently on the road, having constant supplies of grain and fodder at said stations, flour and groceries, to supply our own hands, and the emigration generally. These operations with the blessings of the Lord on them, will be productive of great good."

The following is taken from Dr. Neff's manuscript:

"Clearly the express and carrying company would constitute the biggest achievement of the Mormon people in many years, if it went successfully. Almost a complete monopoly of the mail, express, passenger, and freight business of the inter-mountain west might eventuate. Furthermore, as the busy mind of Young indicated, the commerce and trade of the territory would probably undergo revolutionary changes. Altogether it was the golden opportunity which was seized by Utah leaders to help the inhabitants out of the economic predicament in which they found themselves after a decade of futile endeavor to cope with the powerful

commercial and transport interests that were slowly but surely draining the economic life-blood of the Basin. Obviously the temporal welfare of Mormondom hinged on the outcome of the attempt to break the chains of economic slavery which were perceptibly fastening around them. Conceivably the successful engineering of this far-reaching enterprise might even lead Brigham Young down from the mountain of protection to a free trade level and policy. Presumptively it would make the Mormon leader more than ever the undisputed economic dictator as well as the spiritual autocrat of the intermountain west. Altogether the potentialities of the situation made prophecies of the future fascinating.

"The tremendousness of the energy back of this vast transportation system and the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of the plans adopted for the attainment of the mastery of the wilderness and its inhabitants clearly indicate the high expectations anticipated from the consummation of the magnificent enterprise. Obviously the direct results must prove of inestimable value to Mormondom, yet perchance the by-products would evaluate even higher.

"Economic consideration might well have prompted President Brigham Young to avoid friction with the United States troops had he and his associates been able to escape the conviction that the Utah Expedition (Johnston's Army) was being sent primarily to interfere with the dearest purposes of Mormondom, when the carriage of the mail was withheld from the B. Y. Express and Carrying Company agents, the long standing apprehensions were intensified; when Dame Rumor avowed the ruthless purpose of the military mission, the die was cast. The B. Y. Company died aborning."

RUSSELL, MAJORS AND WADDELL

Goods were brought up the Missouri river in light draft steamers to St. Joseph or Omaha where they were transferred to wagons for the trip across the plains. One of the first to engage in the business of freighting was Alexander Majors, founder of the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. He had been a "bull whacker" on the old Santa Fe Trail before engaging in the business on his own account, was an experienced ox driver, knew all the details of the freighting business, and held the record of having made the round trip from Independence to Santa Fe in ninety-two days. About 1850 he began freighting on a small scale and was succeeded by the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell.

At one time the firm owned 75,000 oxen and over 6,000 wagons of the Conestoga type, commonly called "prairie schooners." They were built in Pittsburgh, Pa., were equipped with boxes or beds about 16 feet long and from 4 to 6 feet in depth, and were each provided with a heavy canvas cover. Each wagon was capable of carrying from 2 to 6 tons of freight, depending on the nature of the cargo. Nearly all were drawn by oxen. These wagons cost about \$1000 each. For better protection against the Indians the wagons went in trains of 25 or more, each train being in the charge of a wagon master. Freight rates were made by the pound and varied from 15 cents for bacon and flour to 25 cents for trunks and boxed goods. The cost of freighting a barrel of flour from the Missouri to Salt Lake City was \$25.00. In 1860 the number of freight wagons crossing the Great Plains each day was about 500.

Alexander Majors, born in 1814, was a native of Kentucky, but was raised from the age of four on the Missouri frontier. As a youth he had been taught to accept the literal word of the Bible; and his strict codes and creeds, even as a young man, were so stringent that he could scarcely make them compatible with the life he desired on the plains. Straitened circumstances on the farm, however turned him westward to the wilderness. Thence onward through many years his story holds too trite a moral to be held without certain misgivings; nor does it express to this age the man he was.

As a freighter over all the land from the great rivers to the Rocky mountains, in any event, he neither drank, smoked, nor used profanity; he attempted to enforce sobriety upon his employees; observed his Sabbath in the devil's own stamping grounds and, with his slogging oxen, big wagons, mules and men, marched straightway to success! During his prosperous days he is said to have received a telegram from a remote wire terminal of the plains. It was from one of his trainmasters. A wagon had been bogged. The mules were nearly exhausted. The men were discouraged. The one great need, and the only hope, was to swear! Could he swear just once? The request was granted, with the proviso that he do his swearing where neither man nor mule could hear him.

On another occasion a young man applied for employment. "Can you drive a team?" Majors asked him. "Can I drive a team? Why, I can drive a team to hell and back!" Mr. Majors considered the case. Unfortunately, he told the man, he was not doing business with His Satanic Majesty this year, and did not expect to freight in the direction for at least some time to come.

A FREIGHT WAGON

Some of the wagons freighters used were known as the "J. Murphy Wagons," made at St. Louis. They were especially made for the plains, were very large and very strongly built, being capable of carrying seven thousand pounds of freight each. The wagon boxes were very commodious—being about as large as the rooms of an ordinary house—and were covered with two heavy canvas sheets to protect the merchandise from the rain. These wagons were generally sent out from Leavenworth, each loaded with six thousand pounds of freight, and each drawn by several yokes of oxen in charge of one driver. A train consisted of twenty-five wagons, all in charge of one man, who was known as the wagon-master. The second man in command was the assistant wagon-master; then came the "extra hand," next the night herder, and lastly the cavayard driver, whose duty it was to drive the lame and loose cattle. Thirty-one men, all told, made a train. The men did their own cooking, being divided into messes of seven. One man cooked, generally using the bake skillet, another brought wood and water, another stood guard, and so on—each having some duty to perform while getting meals. All were heavily armed with Colt pistols and Mississippi yager, and every one kept his weapons handy so as to be prepared for any emergency.

The wagon-master, in the language of the plains, was called the "bull-wagon boss"; the teamsters were known as "bull-whackers"; and the whole train was denominated a "bull-outfit." The men of the plains were always full of droll humor and exciting stories of their own experiences.

HORACE S. ELDREDGE

Rummaging among some precious old papers touching upon matters pertaining to my father's lifetime, I find the story of the starting of a freight train of covered wagons from Florence, one of our outfitting and forwarding points on the Mississippi river. It was in May, 1859. Father (Horace S. Eldredge) writes: "Proceeded to Florence and commenced loading my wagons and when all were loaded moved out into camp. The train consisted of seventy-two wagons, all of the uniform build and style; each drawn by three yoke of oxen; the train stretching for nearly two miles and was the handsomest train I ever saw on the plains. It was in charge of Captain Horton D. Haight and furnished with all necessary outfit.

"It reached Salt Lake City in seventy-two days, all in good trim, this being about the quickest trip that a freight train of that size ever made.

"A record trip, but that man Horton D. Haight was a wonderful captain on the plains and I am inclined to think he had 'hand picked' those oxen and there were 72x6—432 oxen. But how about the 'spares'? To-day we just put one in the proper place on the auto, but the spares in those days were driven in the herd for there would be approximately one spare ox for each wagon, so one can see there were about 500 oxen to keep the train rolling."

—Deseret News, July 20, 1935.

These freighting companies carried on business until the advent of the railroad when the lumbering freighter was forced to give way on long hauls, but, for decades afterwards the private freighter plied between towns and railroad terminals handling the bulk of local commerce until the coming of the motor vehicles.

CHILEAN L. MILLER

Bishop Reuben Miller and his sons owned and operated an emigration train—eight wagons and equipment for freighting purposes. In 1864, they had gone to the Missouri river for a threshing machine and other agricultural equipment. As their emigration train was returning from Omaha, near Independence Rock, many of their oxen and horses took sick and died from alkali water. This sad news came to the valley by returning emigrants. A council was called and the farmers responded with a contribution of thirty-two horses. Now these horses had to be taken to the stranded train at once. Who could go? My father, Chilean L. Miller, a boy of sixteen years, volunteered his service. Equipped with a saddle horse a pack horse, camp provisions, and driving thirty-two horses, he started for a strange land on an unknown trail. On this journey he was interviewed by different post attendants. "Boy, where are you going?" "You had better return home." "The Indians will get you sure." He tied himself in his saddle for fear of going to sleep. Twice the Indians attempted to stampede his horses. He rode day and night, scarcely stopping to eat or sleep. After fourteen days, he met Captain Joseph Rawlings returning with a church emigrant train. He knew his father and brothers and told him he was on the right trail, and would meet his brothers within one day's travel.

A night watching of the Rawlings camp was put in charge of his outfit. A kind lady by the name of Mrs. George Taylor cleaned him up, combed his hair, and he rested until the next morning. In his own words, he said: "I was sick and completely worn out." The next day he rode into the camp of his brothers. You may suppose there was a joyous reunion, everything intact. Eighty loaded wagons were soon on their way. On arriving home, his mother was surely glad to see him.

My father has often related the part he took in the construction of the Salt Lake temple. In 1862, with two mules and a wagon, he hauled rock for the temple, making two or three trips a week. Again in 1864, we find him enlisting in a church emigration train consisting of sixty-seven wagons and on their return they had 735 people. In 1865 in the Miller emigration train he crossed the plains with fourteen wagons. On their return journey, 250 Sioux Indians, dressed in warpaint and Indian feathers, riding fine horses, rode into their camp. It had been reported that these Indians were on the warpath. They had burned a small emigration train, killed some emigrants, and drove off their livestock. The Miller brothers surely thought it was their turn next. The chief, a stately savage, said: "Where are you men going?" They said to Utah. "Are you Brigham Young's people?" inquired the chief. "Yes," was the reply. "Unbutton your shirt," grunted the chief. The Millers complied and then asked them if they were hungry. Whereupon they fed the Indians until they were satisfied. A pipe of peace was passed around to the amusement of the Indians.

Twelve round trips from Salt Lake City to Omaha in covered wagons, together with many incidents of these perilous journeys, I have given in brief. There is yet another trip that should be mentioned.

In those days of the Overland Trail, horses were an absolute necessity, and horse thieving was a very common, lawless industry. In the fall of 1867 horse thieves stole from the range horses belonging to the Millers. The services of Chil, a tried and proven scout, were again in demand. Selecting two good horses, riding one ten miles and then changing, he took the Western Stage road through Camp Floyd then to Rush Valley, over Point Lookout and through the Western desert from one water hole to another and after three days the horse thieves were overtaken. The full story has never been told, but every stolen horse was returned.

Late in the fall of 1867, Bishop Miller and sons, including my father, with horses, mules and covered wagons, left Salt Lake Valley for Los Angeles. The Spanish Trail was followed, which led through desert wastes and drifting sands. Many times their wagons were unloaded and reloaded. The horses and mules gave out for the want of feed and water. With winter coming on they pressed on day and night. This perilous journey, however, was only typical of other trials of the time and season. On returning to Salt Lake City with wagons loaded with luscious fruits and barrels of aged wine, their trip proved to be a profitable one. Their year's accomplishments of 1867 were: one trip to Los Angeles and return, one trip to Omaha and back, and the incident of the horse thieves. Nine months of this year, his bed was made upon the ground and his meals were cooked on the open fire.

—May M. Cornwall.

FREIGHTING IN THE OLDEN DAYS

The first carriers of goods were human beings, then domestic animals, and after the invention of the wheel, all kinds of vehicles pulled by humans or animals. In the early days of Utah, commerce between the Territory and outside points was carried on by stoutly built wagons drawn by horse, mules or oxen. In the intermountain region freighting was most spectacular and interesting. Six to ten animals were attached to two or more wagons, equipped with wide, thick iron tires. These vehicles had to be kept in good condition to withstand the strain of rough dirt roads and steep hills. With oxen, transportation was very slow and oxen drivers had to have a lot of patience and love for their sturdy animals or they were not much of a success. It was often nerve-racking business, but not without its risks and excitement, especially when some young oxen were broken in. In the beginning these would sometimes run away or jump over the wagon tongues. On the open spaces between settlements it was generally monotonous unless a quick turn sometimes upset a wagon or two, but the real adventures happened while going through towns, where most of the runaways of frightened and uncontrolled oxen occurred to the risk of the drivers and their outfits, unless they were walking and were quick to head off obstinate animals. It was no fun to be on a wagon when the critters pulling it ran into an open corral or under a locoshed. I, myself, had to jump several times or take the risk of being badly injured.

A few excerpts from my father-in-law's diary, Edward Milo Webb, son of Chauncey Webb of Salt Lake City, is interesting: "In 1852, my father was called on a mission to England, returning in 1856, the handcart year, in the fall when several thousand crossed the plains with their handcarts, and several of the companies were delayed until winter overtook them. At the October conference of that year in Salt Lake City, a call was made by the Presidency for twenty-five teams of four horses, mules or oxen, each with two drivers, to go East and meet the belated companies. I had charge of one of the outfits, but had only one yoke of oxen. At Green River, Wyoming, we had to rest ten days until the Willie Company of handcarts came. The people in this company were in very poor condition, short of food and many were sick. I assisted them, pulling their carts through Green River, and then Brother William H. Kimball begged me to go East to meet and help Martin's company, who were in worse shape. I left early the next morning and drove twelve miles to Big Sandy. When I awoke next morning it was snowing hard and fast. That day I traveled thirty miles and camped on the Sandy river. In the morning I could not find my oxen that I had turned out in the night to feed. It was noon before I found them and I drove until midnight, crossed the South Pass and camped on the Sweetwater. The snow was now deep and the weather very cold, and my feet were badly frozen. I took off my worn shoes and held my feet in the icy water for some time. Here I ran out of food and was badly discouraged. I was told when I left Salt Lake City that I would find a good camp and plenty of supplies at Pacific Springs west of South Pass; however, the station was off the road and I passed it in the night. I drove on down the river in a blizzard of wind and drifting snow; camped that night at Black Ridge and ate my last morsel of food. Next morning I climbed a hill but could see no living

thing and then returned to my camp. The snow was now fully three feet deep on the level. I discovered a flour sack among my things, gave it a good shaking and got about four ounces of flour from it. This I mixed with water and baked it on a flat rock. It made three cakes about four inches square and one-half inch thick. I ate two and left the rest for the next day. In the meantime my feet were painning me very much—the heels of my woolen socks were worn out and my old shoes let in the snow. For a coat I used a blanket with a slit in the middle, so it would slip over my head, and started out to find my oxen. I found them in a sheltered spot about noon and then left for Green River. I drove nearly all night and camped fifty miles from that town; made my bed in the snow and had to cut my shoes off my swollen feet. I felt as if I were lying down for the last time; but in the morning the sun came out as I was preparing to arise, when a mule team, driven very fast, came along going West. I was too dazed and stupid to call out or fire my revolver. Later I saddled an ox and wrapped my feet in a blanket and made a resolution to ride to Green River or die in the attempt. I made thirty-five of the fifty miles, but could not go any further. Next day it took me all day, in great distress, to reach Green River just at sunset. Now my ox would not ford the river with me on him, so I had to dismount, twist his tail, and, hanging onto his tail, I waded across the river. As I came out of the water an old gentleman met me and, seeing my condition, took me into his cabin and fed me some of the best food I have ever eaten. I turned the oxen out and the old man insisted that I stay with him until I could walk again. He did all he could to relieve my suffering and sent for a Shoshone Indian squaw who was a good nurse and put her in charge of me. She peeled off my toe nails and a lot of the frozen skin, and as far as I could see, used freshly killed jackrabbit, bear's grease, and other things, and tore up all the old man's white shirts to make bandages. She gave me the best of care and food for some weeks. Finally the handcart company came along and to my great joy my father was among them. He had a light spring wagon, put me in it, and we started for home. The snow was still quite deep and frozen hard, but eight days later we reached Salt Lake City. I was rejoiced to see my dear mother and relatives again. I had to use a crutch until February of the next year, but, thanks to that wonderful squaw, I had the use of my feet again, although father had to cut off one toe with his pocket knife.

"In August, 1860, I began regular freighting with a large train of 22 wagons and six oxen, each loaded with flour for Denver, Colorado, about 7000 pounds each. It took fifteen days for the trip. Next year made another Denver trip with ten wagons loaded with flour, butter, and vegetables. On this trip we saw many antelopes and Sioux Indians. The Indians were friendly and we traded with them for 157 buckskins. Later in the year we made a freighting trip with thirty wagons and 12 oxen each to Carson City and other places in Nevada, and then freighted for the Overland Stage company, supplying all their stations in Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, with hay, grain, and provisions. Gold was at a premium in those days of 50 percent over greenbacks, so we always demanded the metal if we had any choice. In 1865 and 1866, I made several trips for the government to Virginia City, Nevada, in the summer, and between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles in winter, at a flat rate of 20 cents a pound

ways, but as the railroad now arrived, rates fell so low it did not pay, so we went to ranching and later moved to Desert, where, when the Utah Southern Railroad extension was built, we entered the hotel business.

—John H. Horning.

ON THE SPANISH TRAIL

In the fall of 1849, C. C. Rich, Flack, Cannon, and Henry W. Bigler left Salt Lake City for the coast, with a large company of men, most of whom were bound for the "diggings" in California. The great majority of these men were from eastern points, and among them were doctors, lawyers, preachers, and adventurers. They had arrived in Salt Lake Valley late in the season and, not wanting to stay over the winter, were willing to take a chance of getting to the coast by means of the southern route.

By following this southern route, they would strike the old "Spanish Trail" near Parowan, Utah. Among the group were a number of Mormon missionaries, some bound for the Society Islands and some for other points. At, or near, Minersville, Utah, on the Beaver river, the whole company united for the time being, and the men debated the best and most feasible method of procedure. Some wanted to branch off here and take what was known as the Walker Cut-off, which would be something like five hundred miles shorter distance to the coast than the route which followed the old Spanish Trail. Captain Smith, who was in charge of some of the party, was in favor of the Walker Cut-off route. While he had never been over this route, a friend of his, Barney Ward, claimed he had taken it and that it was the shortest and best route. Captain Jefferson Hunt who had been hired to guide a part of this company through, had been over the old Spanish Trail three times, but he knew nothing of the Walker Cut-off and refused to be responsible for anyone taking that route.

On a reconnoitering trip in the Escalante desert while they were camped near Minersville, Captain Hunt had this experience. After being away for thirty-six hours, he came into camp at night so nearly choked from lack of water, that his tongue was protruding from his mouth, his eyes were sunken and he could scarcely be recognized. His mule was blind for want of water and staggered helplessly as he urged him along. After this, Captain Hunt declared against the cut-off and would have nothing to do with it. Captain Smith, nevertheless, was still in favor of taking the Walker Cut-off and the Mormon party of the group, after consulting General Rich, declared in favor of it as it would put them in California so much sooner and within a far shorter distance. General Rich, who was not altogether in favor of the Walker Cut-off route, finally decided to arrange his affairs and go with them. He was impressed with the idea that if he did not do so, all would perish.

General Rich and Captain Flake, after discussing the trip with Captain Smith in order to get all the information possible on the route, put the matter squarely to the twenty missionaries of the party who were in favor of the Walker Cut-off. General Rich then fitted his company out with animals and provisions and prepared to take the new route, or Walker Cut-off. There is some conjecture as to the particular point at which this group left the old Spanish Trail. Some claim that it was at Parowan; others at Cedar City, Utah. The writer feels that it may have been at

what later became the Holt Ranch, a few miles north of Mountain Meadows, the rim of the Great Basin. At Mountain Meadows the water breaks south into the Virgin river country and north into the Escalante desert. The old Spanish Trail forked at the point where it struck the Santa Clara, after crossing Beaver Dam Summit going east. One fork went by way of St. George, Leeds, Kanarrville and Cedar, and the other following up the Santa Clara creek by way of what is now Gunlock, Magosta, and Mountain Meadows and through a defile out onto the Escalante desert near Enterprise, Utah.

On November 1, 1849, the Smith, Rich and Flake group left the Spanish Trail and struck due west across the desert. A heavy downpour of rain made things very disagreeable for them; the weather turned cold and they had to dismount and walk to keep warm. The ground was soft and muddy so that it was almost impossible for them to make any headway. They finally struck a gap in the mountains for which they had been heading, and here they seemed to completely lose their bearings. After wandering for some time, they finally struck the head of the Beaver Dam wash and started to follow it. Henry W. Bigler makes note of having carved his initials, "H.W.B.", on the rocks at one point where they camped. This was at the Irving Baucr ranch near the head of the Beaver Dam wash, and these initials may still be seen, verifying Bigler's Journal of 1849.

They drove down Beaver Dam wash to within about twelve miles of the old Spanish Trail. Bigler made note of having seen a number of Indian farms along this wash where corn was standing, stripped of ears. They saw no Indians, however, as they had probably hidden out on the approach of the white men. After following Beaver Dam wash some distance south where the water sunk into the ground, they left the wash and struck due west again, paralleling the old Spanish Trail as far as Toquop wash, where another camp was made. At this point, they were within about twelve miles of the old Spanish Trail. As it was early November and the weather was extremely warm, they nearly perished for want of water. Instead of following Toquop wash to the Virgin river, they turned north and west. Bigler states that they were thirty-six hours without water and that he and one or two others persuaded the group to go on and leave them behind as their horses were given out and they couldn't keep up with the party. They were always scanning the horizon and hoping to catch a glimpse of the valley which Barney Ward had told Smith about. Bigler tells of General Rich going up every high peak to look for this valley.

They crossed through what is now Tule Valley and came onto Meadow Valley wash between what is now Carp and Leith Sidings on the Union Pacific railroad. After following this wash for a short distance, they reached a stream which they called Providence Creek, where they rested a while and filled their canteens. Then, with shovels, they started back to bury the men they had left behind as they did not want the Indians to mutilate the bodies. However, these men had found some water in a cave, had rested, and had quenched their thirst. They were coming on when they were met by their friends, who fully expected to find them dead and had wanted to give them as decent a burial as was possible under the circumstances. They then went back to Providence Creek (Meadow

Pharanaget Wash) and, after resting for a day, started out again, following down the Meadow Valley wash for several miles, then leaving the wash and striking west again. Had it not been for the heavy downpour of rain between Meadow Valley and Pharanaget Wash, they would again have been near to perishing of thirst.

They finally struck Coyote Hole or Spring, which lies about three miles west of the present Highway 93 and about forty miles from Moapa. This spring, they later called Division Spring. Here, they camped while General Rich went on a reconnoitering trip to the top of Sheep Mountain, about fifteen miles distance. Upon returning, he reported that as far as he could see, mountain chain after mountain chain rose one after another—for aught he knew they continued for hundreds of miles. He also stated that he had had enough of trying to find the Walker Cut-off. They had nearly perished several times and if they went on they would all perish. He told them he was going to strike out for the Spanish Trail and that all who were of a mind to follow him could come. Captain Smith, very obdurate, insisted he was going on and made the statement that he would continue—if he perished in the attempt. "And if," said he, "you do not hear from me, you may know that I died with my face westward and not before I had eaten some mule meat."

At Division Springs, the two companies parted and two of Smith's men joined Rich's party. Bigler tells of the fate of Smith's party. After traveling for a day or two westward without finding water, they killed a mule and drank some of its blood. The men became dissatisfied and a division arose among them. Nine started back for the point at which they had separated from the missionaries, and but two succeeded in reaching California. Bigler got his information from one of these two men. Of the eleven who went on with Smith, nine were never heard from again.

The first thing that General Rich and his missionary group did after Smith and his party left was to take all precautionary measures. He ordered that all canteens be filled with water and that the men go without food whenever there was a threat of thirst. With twenty-three men, Rich left Division Springs (Coyote Hole) and followed Pharanaget Wash. He made note of finding water in plenty and sufficient forage for stock. As there had previously been a big rainstorm, water often stood in what was known as Double Canyon (also Arrow Canyon) for weeks at a time. Bigler gives a graphic description of Double Canyon with its perpendicular walls over five hundred feet high, where the bursting of a cap would reverberate like the crack of a rifle. He also tells of having camped at a spring on November 18, which was the source of the Muddy river. A man by the name of Peter Fife, one of the party who had been over the Spanish Trail, recognized the stream. Bigler also states that after going downstream about five miles, they came to the junction of the Muddy and the Spanish Trail where they found Captain Hunt and twelve others who had left Salt Lake City with General Rich before the company divided. Hunt had stayed with the Spanish Trail, while Rich had taken that ill-fated trip in search of the Walker Cut-off, which came near to costing them all their lives. After staying on the Muddy for a day or two, resting up and getting their horses shod, they again proceeded on their way. But they had lost so much time in wandering around over the desert mountains of southern Nevada and were so short

of provisions that Cannon states: "The men's clothes were so ragged that they threatened to drop off at any minute, and their feet were on the ground—only the uppers of their shoes remaining."

After going hungry for a day, they shot an owl which they immediately made into soup for the company. At or near Spring Mountain, they killed three deer which, no doubt, saved the lives of the entire party. They finally decided to divide the party near where Barstow now stands. Rich and a few men, together with the stronger animals, were to go ahead to the Williams Ranch in San Bernardino Valley and bring back food and supplies to those left behind. By doing this, they managed to get all the party into the Williams Ranch.

The trip from Salt Lake City to the ranch required exactly sixty-five days. Captain Hunt, with a party, had covered the distance in the fall of 1847 in forty-five days, and Captain Howard Egan, who had left Utah Valley forty days later than the Rich group, made the trip in twenty-five days. The reason for the long time taken by Rich's party lay in the all-but-fatal detour they made between the time they left the Spanish Trail for the Walker Cut-off and the time they struck it again on the Muddy river.

—George Perkins.



EARLY DAY FREIGHTING EXPERIENCES OF DANIEL MELVILLE

I am a native pioneer of Fillmore, having been born of pioneer parents, Jane Dutson and Alexander Melville, who came to Utah in the year eighteen fifty-two. I am the eighth child of a family of twelve children. I will be eighty-six years old on December thirty-first of this year, nineteen hundred and forty-eight.

As a small boy I was taught to work, always doing my share to provide for myself and help my parents. At the age of fourteen years, with my brother, Cannon, who was sixteen, I helped carry the mail from Fillmore to Deseret on horseback. When I was eighteen I rigged up my first freighting outfit of one team and one wagon; and made my first trip with Brigham Tompkinson and Marinius Beauregard. We loaded at Fillmore with oats and it took us ten days to reach our destination of Bristol, a mining camp near Pioche, Nevada. Here we sold our oats for four cents a pound, and made a trip to another valley about one hundred miles west of Pioche, where we again loaded with oats and took back to Bristol. In those days this part of Nevada was a thriving mining country, and my companions, Beauregard and Tompkinson, decided to remain and haul ore, having two good teams and two wagons each. As I would not be able to make good wages with my one team and wagon I decided to return home so I loaded with bullion, a heavy ore, and started back home alone.

The first night I camped with an old Mexican who was very kind and friendly. The next morning I drove in to Spring Valley. I was sleeping in my wagon box and in the night I heard voices and, looking out, I saw two men on foot. I called to them and said: "What do you fellows want?" They replied by asking for a match. I gave them some matches and they went on their way, but I didn't sleep any more that night.

Next day about noon while pulling up a hill, one of my horses balked and I had to unload the bullion and pull the empty wagon up the hill. Then I carried the ore by hand about fifty yards to reload. That night, I pulled into Deseret Springs. This place was known as the abode and hide-out of old Ben Tascar, a noted highway robber of those days. I had previously been advised by my friend Beauregard that when I got there to go to his hide-out and buy something from him and all would be well. This I did and bought some meat and other supplies for my grub box. A few days later I met Ole Madson of Scipio on the road and we camped together that night. It seemed good to meet a friend and have company after traveling alone. The next day I pulled into the Milford camp ground and unloaded my ore and made the rest of the trip to Fillmore with an empty wagon. Sixty years later, with a number of old friends of freighting days, I made a trip over the same trail, but this time in an automobile and over paved highways.

The next trip I made I had acquired another wagon and two more horses. In this party was my brother, Cannon, Brigham Tompkinson, Nels Beauregard and Joe Wade. We met at the salt marsh in Salt Lake Valley and loaded with salt which we took to Ely and sold. It took us ten days to make the trip and, being winter time, we suffered with the cold. We wrapped our feet in our sacks to keep them from freezing.

I used to make trips into Salt Lake City. I well remember a trip I made with John Carling and Arthur Brunson. We were loaded with apples which we had bought from Lizzie Robison at twenty-five cents per bushel. We each had two wagons and four horses and loaded a hundred bushels. It took us six days to make the trip one way and we peddled our apples from house to house. We received one dollar and one dollar and a half per bushel for them.

We camped in Salt Lake at a camp ground which was just north of where Eagle Gate is at the present time. We paid a fee of twenty-five

cents for the use of the camp. On our way home we stopped at Payson and loaded with Early Rose potatoes, which we brought home.

The enclosed photograph is one of our camp at Cedar Springs (now Holden) the last night of our trip. That night some others joined us, including the photographer who took the picture.

One night while on this trip we camped on the Jordan river and had with us a little dog belonging to John Carling. During the night the dog came up missing and we thought something had happened to it, but after days had passed and we returned home, we found the dog home waiting for us.

—Daniel Melville.

UTE WARREN PERKINS, PIONEER FREIGHTER AND TRAIL BUILDER OF SOUTHERN NEVADA AND UTAH

(Born Along the Pioneer Trail in Iowa, 1849,
Enroute to Great Salt Lake City)

Moving to Overton, Nevada, in 1881 by wagons and building up the swamp lands of the Muddy Valley (now Moapa Valley), which had been vacated ten years before by the early saints who were called by Brigham Young, Ute Warren Perkins freighted everything which was usable to the valley.

Milford, Utah, at that time, was the nearest railroad point from Overton, Nevada, and the long hauls by freight trains, wagons and horses run into thousands of miles of hauling supplies for the one small store in this far away isolated desert country. He made many trips in the years which followed, driving four to six horses, two wagons coupled together, loaded both ways. Going north he would load with rock salt from the vast salt mountain along the Virgin river below Overton, now surrounded by the waters of Lake Mead. The salt was sold and traded to various ones along the route.

In these early pioneer days the roads were rough, over mesa, sand dunes, and mountains, crossing the Rio Virgin river thirty-two times, winding from side to side of the treacherous stream so noted for its quicksand and ever-changing course, because of extra flood streams draining the country along its rugged course and emptying into its channel almost constantly.

Many times in crossing with heavy loads his wagons became stuck in the dreaded quicksand. There was little he could do except cut his horses loose from the freight-loaded wagons and let them flounder and fight their way to shore as best they could while the fast sinking wagons in the stream which had to be unloaded piece by piece. The heavy boxes, sacks, and lumber were carried to shore in order that the wagons could be loosened and put on sounder footing, such as brush put under the wheels, and numerous other methods used in which none but a freighter or such pioneer trails could solve in their own handicapped way, while the tightening grasp of the quicksand held fast. Many days and many hours in such a dilemma are the harrowing experiences which have never been told, and none but one hardened to courage and strength to endure and conquer the pioneer trails and meet the vicissitudes of life as the courageous freighters did.



Later in the year 1888, he accompanied a group of U. S. surveyors into Fenar, California, hauling supplies and blazing the trail for the Santa Fe railroad route over desert and mountain which took weeks and months over strange ground. Always and ever food and water had to be hauled for both men and horses so they would not perish on the long desert trails being made and explored, that the rugged West might come into its own. The worry was not always along the freight road but the thought, too, was ever present in his mind that at home alone was a pioneer wife and family, braving a desolate desert to build a home while Indians and cattle rustlers hovered near her unprotected, simple home. Many trips were made over the desert to Las Vegas, Nevada, and the El Dorado Canyon Mine, 80 miles beyond.

At this time, Helen J. Stewart and her family were about the only population of the Las Vegas area. His wagons were loaded with salt, molasses, eggs, cheese, grain—anything from his ranch home to trade for other usable supplies such as shirts, shoes, overalls, etc., which could not be had from any nearer point than the El Dorado Mining Company. The trips were long and cold in winter and long and hot in summer. Water always had to be hauled in barrels over the dry barren desert. I remember going over this route as a small girl with him to Las Vegas. After riding in a jolty old wagon three or four days, tired and thirsty, what a haven the sight of green trees and running water at the Stewart Ranch was, to us as well as the weary horses, as the long day ended with the sun setting behind the western hills. As we drove into the ranch the smile of a noble pioneer woman greeted us in a voice so sweet and welcome, bringing music and rest to our tired souls.

Over mesa, plains, desert and mountains, he freighted ore, produce, lumber and every necessity of life, often making his own road with a pick and shovel. It was on the freight road in Arizona in the year 1903, his tired body was overcome by a sick spell from which he never recovered. Again it was the freight road and wagons which conveyed him to the railroad, a distance of over 100 miles, to a hospital in Salt Lake City, where he passed away at the early age of 54. The hardships of the pioneer trails and freight lines had broken his health in such a manner he could not resist death's call. He left a monument of six sons and seven daughters, who still look with pride on the trails he made in southern Nevada.

—Mary V. Lytle.

ABRAHAM FREER CARLING, JR.

"Freighting in early days in Utah and Nevada was a hazardous undertaking. With the combating of the elements, wild beasts, Indians, outlaw bands of robbers, and the desert in general, one could expect most anything.

"In company with my mother's only brother, John Ashman, Jr., who was a pioneer of eighteen sixty-four, I took a load of freight from Fillmore, Utah, to Nevada. We sold our loads and were making our return to Fillmore, our home town, carrying with us a considerable amount of money which we had received from the sale of our loads.



Man on front single wagon is Abe Carling, Jr. The man on double wagon with four horses is John T. Ashman, Jr. Picture was taken at Croft's place, west of Deseret, Utah. Third man is Stringham. Photographer Anderson took the picture.

"We had traveled miles on the road when we came to a house by the side of the road. In it a negress was busily engaged preparing a meal. We had traveled the road before and had talked to the negress, who was employed as cook for Ben Tasker's band of robbers. An adjoining room of the cabin was used for a stable and in it we saw several horses saddled, bridled, and tied in the stable. We also noticed large pieces of beef and other provisions hanging from the ceiling of the cabin.

"When approaching the place we saw a white horse tied to a cedar tree in the distance, but thought nothing of it. In talking with the negress we learned that Ben Tasker and his men, with the white horse, were waiting for us in the distance. Had these men known that the negress had divulged their secret, it probably would have gone hard with her. As soon as we learned of our plight we made arrangements for Uncle John to take the saddle pony which we had along with us, and also the money, and make his way home by another road. He went by way of Deseret, while I continued on the regular road.

"The little pony seemed to know that there was trouble in the air, for it traveled at an unbelievable rate of speed, and took Uncle John and the money to their destination safely. Something must have happened to thwart the plans of Ben Tasker for I continued on my way unmolested, and saw nothing more of him or his men."

—Mrs. Isabel C. Brunson.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, ON THE SPANISH TRAIL

In the early summer of 1864, Joseph Wright, a cattleman and butcher by trade, who lived at Duncan's Retreat, a small hamlet on the Virgin river about three miles due east of Virgin City, sent his son, William, and another young man, David Ott, both in their early twenties, to the coast

over the route through Las Vegas, Nevada, and on through San Bernardino to the coast. They were to purchase a threshing machine consisting of a separator and the horsepower motor. What an adventure for two young men to travel over five hundred miles, alone over deserts, through canyons and over mountain passes infested with Indians. They had to go by pack train because they would each have to drive a part of the threshing machine home. They had to take six animals with them because it would need two teams to pull the separator over the two mountain passes and one team on the horsepower machine.

Joseph had a large fine brood mare which he sent along, too, for the boys to sell to help pay for the machine, which made seven animals. The horses carried some grain because the only feed on the road was a little grass which the horses hunted during the rest periods. They had to be hobbled so they would not stray too far away from camp. They had to take harnesses for six animals to use on the return trip and food for themselves and some blankets and two kegs for water because it was more than a day's journey between watering places.

On the return trip they were more familiar with the road, but the heat was terrible and the load was heavier and the food supplies lower. They almost perished on the road between Las Vegas and Santa Clara. At Santa Clara they found food, shade and rest. After one day's rest, William rode a mule home, but the best horse had to have another day's rest before David could ride it home. They had to get fresh teams to go back to Santa Clara for the machine. After all the hardships they went through to get the machine they found that it was larger than they needed for such small patches of grain as could be raised in Dixie, so it was taken to Iron county and sold the next year.

A Load of Sugar—James Albert Stratton came to Utah in '48 when he was four years old. He learned to be an expert "bull whacker" and was hired by Walker Brothers to go to San Bernardino for a load of freight when he was only fifteen years old. They traveled in companies and often had thrilling experiences. One his friends remember best is when they ran out of food and they were about four days' travel from the next supply base. They were loaded with dry goods, but when the situation became acute, Fred Walker, one of the Walker Brothers, who was traveling with the freight train, began to "take stock" of the loads and a barrel of sugar was found in James Albert's wagon. Fred got the hammer and chisel and made a hole in the top of the barrel. He gave to each freighter the amount he thought was necessary to keep up their energy but he was sorry to have such a young, husky boy as John Albert in such a predicament so he told him to help himself to all he wanted. Sugar, at many dollars a barrel, and one husky fifteen year old boy told to help himself to a barrel full! Sugar is a wonderful thing when you have never had all you want of it, but as a steady diet, with nothing to sweeten, he soon had all he wanted.

—Lucy B. Isom.

EARLY DAY FREIGHTING IN SANPETE COUNTY

Very little money was in circulation in pioneer days. Bills were paid in produce or labor was exchanged. The stores used duebills instead of change. If the sack of grain or pail of eggs came to more than the customer wanted to trade out, he received a duebill.

John Dorius, whose home was in Ephraim, tells us the following: "There was a whole summer in which I did not see a dollar in money, consequently every man with a good team and wagon tried to do a little freighting to the mines." The trail followed from Sanpete county to Silver Reef, Utah, and Pioche, Nevada, was through Sevier county to Joseph City, then on to Cove Fort and thence to the mines. Here they could get a little better price for their loads than in Salt Lake City, and the pay was in gold, but the journey was longer and more hazardous.

The miners got some of their sustenance from settlements nearby but not much oats was raised in that part of the country, so oats was always a good product to market, also flour, butter and eggs.

Freighters never went alone, always in pairs or bands. Mr. Dorius remembers going to the mines once in company with a man who had a mattress made by sewing sheep skins together. He placed it on the ground with the wool side up and they made their bed together. He was delighted with the soft, warm effect of the wool and thought to himself, "if I could only own a mattress like that." They never camped in towns for there they would be obligated to buy hay for the horses; instead, they found a stream of good water where feed was available. After making camp they would hobble their horses with a leather device that was fastened on the front legs near the feet and had a short strap connecting them. This only allowed the animal to take a short step. They would then turn them loose to graze. Often the grass was pretty well cropped near the streams; in that case they would take them off a mile or so before hobbling them. They usually found them in the morning not far from where they had left them the night before.

Their wagons were always well loaded, and eggs, butter and flour were usually a part of every load. To keep the eggs from breaking they were packed in a box of oats. Butter, too, was packed in wooden boxes and these were placed on the bottom of the wagon box, then sacks of flour stacked around them. He said, "flour always keeps cool." In this way perishables carried perfectly. The nights on the road were always cool.

Mr. Dorius said that the eggs and butter taken in by the stores had to be marketed regularly, so he and three other young men of Ephraim contracted with the Ephraim Co-op Store to take their products weekly. The people in Ephraim were mostly Scandinavians and excellent dairy men, but in spite of that, butter came into the store in many different molds and colors, also it varied in buttermilk content.

Most of the butter was brought to Salt Lake City and sold on market-row on First South, where dealers were anxious to get their product. On one trip to Salt Lake City he had 500 pounds of butter on his load. When he arrived at the market he found the price of butter had dropped below what he had paid for it at home. He disposed of the balance of his load, then retailed his butter to private parties, and by so doing came out with a good profit. He said the route traveled to Salt Lake City was through Nephi canyon, then north through the settlements. Here freighters also traveled in pairs. The four Ephraim men took turns in marketing their products.

These trips were not easy; the roads were poor and streams had to be forded. On one trip, when they reached the Provo river the stream

was about a block wide and they had no idea where the channel was. By the time they reached the opposite side most of their load was wet. In stormy weather the roads between Spanish Fork and Provo were impassable. To avoid this stretch a road was made over Provo Bench. It consisted of a steep pitch to reach the top of the hill and a crude dugway around the hillside that was graded down to the bench level. To get the heavy wagons up this steep road two teams would be hitched to one wagon. When that wagon was safely on top, the teams were taken down the pitch to draw up the second wagon. Another treacherous piece of road was the flat near Fountain Green, Sanpete county. Here the content of the road was such that in wet weather it was impassable for when the horses put their weight against the load they would skid and sometimes fall, but the load would stand still. All the driver could do was to wait for the road to dry.

Cheney's Ranch, built around some large springs twenty miles north of Nephi, was a favorite camping place for all travelers. Mr. Dorius remembers of camping there one fall with his grandparents. During the night there was a heavy snowfall. In the morning they were all out hunting beneath the snow for twigs with which to start a fire to cook their breakfast and be on their way. The snow soon melted, but the roads were almost impassable.

In Manti in early days produce was taken in by the stores and freighters bought part of their loads from them. Money had to be had for taxes, wedding stakes and other emergencies, so freighting was quite general. Boys from fifteen years up drove freight wagons. Among the early day freighters who really made a business of it were Alfred Alder, Peter H. Anderson, John Hall, John Lowry, Jr., William B. Richey, Jens Mickelson, David Shand, and others. Many of the young men of the second generation bought farming land from the original pioneers with the money they earned in this way. Swen O. Neilson and his brother, Neils P., of Fairview, went to Pioche and hauled timber from the nearby mountains for the mines, and in this way got their start.

When freighting, several wagons traveled together to protect themselves against highway-men. Retta Neff says she has often heard her father, Joseph Snow, tell the story of how one evening on their return trip they were attacked by robbers while eating their evening meal. All men reached for their firearms. The lightest man fired and killed an Ephraim man who was in the company, then fled. The train was evidently larger and better organized than they had expected.

He made many trips; each time when he returned home with his buckskin sack full of coin, the children watched him place it on the rafter of the living room. The ceiling was of factory (cotton cloth), which had been whitewashed. Over near one corner of the ceiling was a small rip in the cloth. He would put his hand through this opening and place the sack on the rafter. As money was needed he went back to the sack.

I have heard my father tell of Grandmother Van Buren accompanying her son, Andrew, on his trips. She was a widow and a Southerner. She smoked a corn cob pipe filled with plug cut tobacco and was the only woman in the train. At camp when supper was over she would bring out her brass kettle, turn it upside down and use it for a seat by the camp-

fire, while she smoked, knit and joined in the story telling. As the wind shifted and with it the smoke from the campfire, she would have to change her position. The men always quoted to her the old saying that "smoke always follows beauty."

—Kate C. Snow.

FREIGHTING GOODS FROM MANTI TO MINES LOCATED IN NEVADA AND SOUTHERN UTAH DURING THE YEARS OF 1870 AND LATER 80's

Peter Christensen's place seemed to be headquarters for the gathering of the products to be freighted out. People who had a surplus of butter, eggs, bacon, onions, potatoes, apples, flour, grain, etc., would sell them here.

Peter hired men with teams and wagons. These he loaded with goods and had them follow him to the camps where they were sold. Boys as young as 14 and 15 years were hired to drive the horse and mule teams.

Eggs were packed in oats in boxes, 125 dozen of eggs to a box. When butter was brought in to Christensen's place some pieces weighed five and six pounds, others smaller. The butter was dumped into a large mixing vat; here girls worked and mixed it together until it was all the same color and flavor, then it was molded into one pound molds and packed in thick wooden boxes. When loading the freight all of the perishable things were placed in the bottom of the wagon box, the flour on top of this and then the grain. The flour kept the boxes cool.

A lot of home-made, knitted woolen goods were sold at the mines. Women knitted Sox, sweaters, underpants, mittens, wristlets and comforters. The comforters were twelve or fourteen inches wide and from one and a half to two yards long. The comforter was used to wrap around the neck a couple of times.

Andrew West, my step-grandfather, herded sheep. He wore a little pouch and as he walked among the bushes around the sheep he would pick the bits of wool left on twigs and put them into his pouch. He washed carded and spun the wool into yarn. While watching his sheep he knit Sox, sweaters, mittens, wristlets, underpants and comforters. His woolen things were in great demand. No one excelled him in the art. No one could make drawers to fit just as comfortable as his did.

A round trip, from Manti to Southern Nevada, if the weather was favorable, could be made in a month; in bad weather, longer, of course. Silver Reef Mine was located north and east of St. George. Hamilton was on a high mountain in Nevada. Ward Mine in Nevada was south-east of Hamilton and Frisco Mine was in Millard county. To these mines the round trip was made in two weeks.

A young Utah freighter discovered a good prospect one day, in Nevada. He sold it for a miner's grub stake, as it was called. The grub stake consisted of a pack donkey, bacon, coffee and flour, in all fifty pounds. This mine turned out to be a gold and silver mine which was very rich—and the fellow who bought the prospect became very wealthy.

—Elice M. Moffitt.

FORT STEELE TO SALT LAKE CITY

"My first experience in freighting began in 1868. We were three weeks with ox teams crossing the plains from Fort Steele to Salt Lake City. We camped in our wagons, cooked our meals at the campfire and enjoyed it all. I next began freighting from Mt. Pleasant to Frisco and to the mines in Tintic and Stockton as well as Salt Lake City. It took two weeks to go to Frisco and return and about ten days to go and return from Salt Lake City. We were paid \$1.00 per hundred pounds to Frisco and 75 cents to the other camps regardless of distance. Those were the happy days of freighting!"

—B. N. S. Nielsen (written in 1936).

JOHN C. WHITBECK & SONS

More than eighty years have passed since my father, John C. Whitbeck, and his sons, John, Jr., and Dan, loaded their freight wagons for a trip to California, taking grain and other produce. When the loading was completed and all was ready, my mother brought a large sack of cookies as the last addition to the grub box which was in the back of the wagon. Father came back to see what she was doing and kissed her good-bye. After he had gone she pondered over the occurrence, thinking it might be a bad omen. Mother cried, afraid that something might happen that he would not return. In those early days life was hard. Making a living required all the strength and energy a man had and there was a feeling that a demonstration of affection showed weakness of character. Affection was shown in service and perhaps they felt nothing more was necessary to express their feelings. However, her fears were not warranted for in due time he returned with loads of freight, a portion of which were stands of bees, of which, at that time, there were few if any in Utah.

—Ovanda W. Kearnes.

UTAH COUNTY

American Fork settlers, the same as those of other settlements, after providing the immediate need for daily food and shelter, began to take time to improve and enlarge their homes. They wanted better furnishings than could be produced locally. Consequently, industrious men began freighting back to eastern centers to procure these desired goods for the comfort of their loved ones and bring emigrants on to Utah. Omaha, Nebraska, was the terminal of the railroad in those early days and there on the shores of the Missouri river came many courageous freighters braving through the dangers of Indian country and fording rivers to connect East with West.

The shortest trip was made in 40 days one way. Fathers would be gone from their families 3 to 4 months to make one trip. I can imagine seeing my Grandfather Chipman seated on the high prairie schooner behind 3 or 4 span of oxen as he guided those glassy-eyed critters with a heavy long rawhide whip, calling "gee" for the right and "haw" for the left.

Joseph Ovard, William Brown, Martin Hansen, Thomas Whithy, Washburn and Henry Chipman, Alexander Miller, and Samuel Wagstaff, were men from American Fork who were early freighters.

Samuel Wagstaff—The call came for volunteers for the Black Hawk war. The father proffered his oldest son, David, and said Amos was too young, being then 16 years of age.

But the next spring when President Young called for Missouri freighters, young Amos would not be put off. He wanted adventure and at that young age he drove three span of oxen to get emigrants. He enjoyed every hour of the trip until he returned and drove into the Tithing Yard in Salt Lake City. While unloading freight, he lost track of his passengers, never to see them again which made the freighter very sad and disappointed.

Alexandria Miller, or Andy as he was nicknamed, had become so endeared to one of his faithful oxen used for freighting, that upon its death he buried it in his back yard, where he placed a marker over its grave.

Wm. Henry Chipman—In 1865 a call came from President Brigham Young for American Fork teamsters to volunteer to go into Wyoming to rescue stranded emigrants of a hand-cart company. William Henry Chipman answered the call and took two wagons and eight yoke of oxen.

When they arrived in Wyoming with provisions, the half-frozen saints were so crazed at the sight of food and bedding that their joy turned into wild cries, like wild animals. After a short time they started for Salt Lake. Enroute, a fierce blizzard filled the canyon road at the point of the divide out from Cheyenne. The only way they could get through the drift and avoid being snowed under was to drive the oxen above the road on the drifted side of the mountain. The men had to hold onto the oxen by means of ropes tied to the bodies of the animals. They were indeed thankful to finally arrive in Salt Lake City in November, 1865.

The next spring, 1866, President Brigham Young sent word to American Fork for Henry Chipman to report in Salt Lake ready to leave for Missouri as captain of a large group of freighters. As he bid farewell to his wife and children, he could be heard calling orders how to take care of the stock and chores until he had covered a block or more.

This trip took all summer, during which the following telegram sent by Henry reached Brigham Young over the newly constructed telegraph line:

"Wagon-bound, August 19th, 1866. I've lost 90 head of oxen driven off by Indians and a few killed. Send us oxen and provisions at once or we will have to leave freight on Platte Bridge."

Thus brave freighters pulled through difficult places and returned finally to their loved ones at home. How appreciative must have been these folks for the articles brought to them at the price of jeopardizing lives of men and oxen. Many of the valuables thus freighted to Utah were never sold for money from the stores but traded to friends for other goods of the same value.

William Chadwick gave William Henry a fine team of horses, wagon and harness for one of the first cast iron cook stoves brought across the plains by ox team. Its top was large enough to hold 10 brass buckets of water, over which the family surely rejoiced of a Saturday night.

As late as 1892 oxen were used by some for freighting, but mules became the mainstay. These enduring animals were used for years by George Robinson on his trips with freight into Southern Utah and California.

James Chipman, who later became a well known banker of Salt Lake, carried on the freighting trade from Utah county into California using light wagons and horses long before the railroad traversed this territory.

Other Freighters—The following men freighted from American Fork to Bingham Canyon for years providing the miners and their families with fresh fruit and vegetables: Shonie Wootton and Jake Greenwood, who worked up a trade in which they employed around 23 teamsters who continually plodded up the rough, snowy canyon to supply the business houses and restaurants as well as peddling from house to house. Theirs was a difficult and exciting job because they were expected to go through on schedule. These courageous and sturdy men plodded continuously through many blizzards in order that the great mining area might have food. These freighters loaded as high as 3000 pounds on their single wagons and walked beside the load for miles.

—Myrtle Robinson Seastrand.

IRON COUNTY

Freighting the materials from the sawmills was a vital part of the early history of Parowan. The pioneers of 1851 found the canyons full of such wonderful timber that some of it was hauled by ox team to Salt Lake City to build the tabernacle organ. When the call came from President Young to send samples of lumber from all parts of Utah from which Mr. Ridges would select the best, he decided that some of the finest lumber came from Parowan canyon and the Pine Valley mountains. Grandfather William Adams made a number of trips by ox team, hauling the precious timbers that must be free of knots, to go into the great pipes of the organ. On one of the trips he made to Buck Horn Springs, the grass was so good on the first day that he turned the oxen out to graze; but it was not so good to old Bonnie and Bounce. The grass at home seemed so much greener, so back towards home they went. Grandfather left his little son, Hugh L., asleep in the wagon. He was gone so long, having to go nearly back home for the culprits, that Hugh L. woke up and couldn't help crying, he was so afraid the Indians would come.

The old silver and lead mines of Pioche and De La Mar, Nevada, furnished a ready market for our lumber, shingles, lath, flour, cheese, butter, vegetables, and chicken. So the freighting business with four to six yoke of oxen was our only means for ready cash.

October, 1872, William Adams wrote to the Deseret News: "The lumber business is brisk. There are three steam sawmills running full blast, three upright sawmills and 5 shingle mills all working. So much lumber, shingles and lath are being shipped to Pioche, it's hard to get any for home use."

William H. Lyman, 89, says: "I drove a team for George and Tom Bryan, freighting lumber and shingles to Pioche, Nevada, making 50 cents a day—taking four days to go and four to return a distance of 100

miles. We used to haul 1000 ft., now a big truck will take 6,000 ft. and make a through trip a day."

Year after year the neighboring forts furnished employment for most of our men. Few indeed were there who did not answer the call of the frying pan and the bake oven, freighting over the long dusty roads from the canyons to the mills and mines.

I remember my father's freighting days, even after mother died, when I was getting ready to go to school at the B. Y. U., for where else would my tuition come from? And realizing how many dusty days it took to make the trip, made one doubly appreciative. He used to tell of Uncle James Ollorton and Jake Gould asking him once what he called the stuff he was eating, and he said, "Oh, it's bread with a little butter on it." And they jokingly said, "It looks like butter with a little bread on it." Father used to say he never did like bread and scrape.

Father went into the freighting business as a boy, driving his outfit with Grandfather William Adams, making five or six trips across the plains. They went across the plains in 1864 in Robert Heyborne's company, leaving in April and getting back the 10th of December. They went over the North Pass and crossed the Sweetwater and came back by Pole Creek with a load of stoves. They met a train of emigrants and were offered \$15 a hundred for flour, but they had only stoves. They used to dance around the campfire at night. They lived mostly on baking powder bread and bacon, baked in a bake oven, set on live coals and with coals on top of the lid. Father said he got along fine, but it was rather hard on my grandfather.

On one trip they traded for some grapes and they put them down in molasses and how delicious were those pickled grapes. And other time they got a whole bucketful of eggs for 50 cents. On one trip they had to wait for a Peter Shelter wagon who was freighting a threshing machine. The company left them and they had to come back alone. It was pretty hard, for they had to keep watch at night, so that nothing would happen to their oxen. One night it was father's turn to keep watch and being just a young boy he fell asleep. Grandfather happened to wake up and found him asleep so he took over and sent father to bed.

One day father got so sleepy he decided to tie the lines and just let the team follow after grandfather. After some time he was awakened by what he thought was his grandfather raising the back of the wagon cover and calling him by name three times, "James, James, James!" He woke up with a start and found his oxen had wandered from the road to the edge of a deep ravine.

When they got to the Platte river, grandfather called back and asked father if he thought his team would swim the river. He told him he knew they would. So grandfather just pulled out and followed after father. At one time when a company of emigrants were crossing the Platte, the man forgot to fasten the stringers (two big poles, one on each side of the wagon box) to the running gears and when he got into the water, the box just floated off. Sister Spillsbury, in alarm, looked for her tiny baby boy, who was floating off wrapped in an old grey shawl. She screamed and caught him and he never even woke up. She named him Alma Platt Spillsbury. He married my mother's oldest sister, Jane Redd.

—Louella Dalton.

FREIGHTING IN THE UINTAHS

The pioneer freighter of yesterday, with the crack of his bull whip, the hand-made brake-block, the deep wagon ruts and the clouds of thick dust are gone; and the campfire, at the watering place, with its stories of adventures, is no more. Horses, oxen, mules and wagons were the main equipment of the early day freighters, with roads that were mainly rocky, narrow, dangerous trails, and the ingenuity of the men in mending the harnesses or wagons, building bridges, etc., was all that kept necessary supplies moving.

In the early 80's, Fort Duchesne was established on the Uintah river, and companies of the 21st Infantry of the United States Army received orders to proceed as quickly as possible to the new location to protect the frightened settlers. The soldiers dug trenches and built a fort under the curious eyes of a large number of Ute and Ouray Indians, making as great a display of arms and ammunition as possible to impress them. In reality the Infantry had not enough food or ammunition to last but a short time. A limited supply was brought from Fort Bridger, but they had little to spare. The best source of supply was Park City, a thriving town on the railroad, so freighters were sought and 8 to 11 cents a pound was offered for hauling freight.

The Murdock brothers of Heber City, Al, Jim, Parl and Dave, and possibly others, secured the contract. They knew the roads over the mountains were extremely dangerous, the deserts barren and the Indians hostile; but they had families to support and there was little choice of labor. The route led through Heber City, Daniel's Canyon—where the steep road crossed Daniel's Creek twenty-seven times in eighteen miles without bridges—through Strawberry Valley, which was practically snow-bound in the middle of winter, down the golden stairs, with a very narrow, dangerous dugway along the Strawberry river with its many deep fords—across Blue Bench, a desert, and Red Cap crossing to Fort Duchesne.

Each wagon required two yoke of oxen and required thirteen days' time—if all went well. The wagons were poor with brakes of little value on steep grades; one yoke of oxen being at the back of the wagon to keep the load from crowding down on the others or tipping it over. Utmost vigilance, hard work, and the resourcefulness of the boys working together, using native timber for repairs, etc., made the work possible, but they were constantly in danger. Freight wagons were loaded with grain, food, clothing, bedding, bars of lead bullion for bullets, iron for building reinforcements, whole loads of coal-oil for lighting and many other things needed by the isolated Infantry.

They had one stroke of good luck when Sam Gilson discovered gilsonite in this part of Utah and persuaded the freighters to haul his product back to the railroad in Park City.

Dave, age 93, and Parl, are still in Heber City. Dave said the weather would get so cold when they were freighting their boots would practically freeze to their feet. They had to sleep with them on as they could not pull them off unless they poured whiskey into them to release them. Because of the long trip and time required to deliver freight, a road and also telegraph route was built to Price, Utah, and the freight route changed; but

the old freighter still lives the by-gone days. In this wonderful era of progress, we must never forget these men who did so much for us when transportation was in the beginning and cities and states of Western America were being born.

—Ida M. Kirkham.

BETWEEN PRICE AND VERNAL

Mr. C. W. Wardle, who once hauled freight by team and wagon between Price and Vernal, Utah, and who now resides in Salt Lake City, is modest when asked to recount his experiences. Mr. Wardle was born in Heber, Utah, in 1886. His grandfather, George Heber Wardle, had come to Utah with Brigham Young as a wheelwright and was among the first settlers of Salt Lake City. While a child, Mr. Wardle moved to Vernal with his parents. When he was eleven years old he made his first freighting trip to Price. Although everyone started early in those days he got an especially early start because his brother, John, was stricken with appendicitis a short distance out of Vernal. So the younger brother hitched up a team, made the 25-mile trip himself to meet his brother, George, and together they pushed through the remaining 100 miles to Price.

A year later he began operating his father's freight outfit—four horses and two wagons. His freighting career by wagon and horses spanned the period from 1897 to 1926, interspersed by periods of working at sheep shearing and some mining.

These trips took from 16 to 20 days, depending upon the weather and the luck the freighters had in getting through. On one ill-starred trip, Mr. Wardle twice had to return to Price to have broken wheels repaired. That time the 125-mile pull took 21 days.

Hauling 7000 to 8500 pounds of freight—usually merchandise or gilsonite ore—the freighters could count on clearing about \$50 per trip. That doesn't seem like much for 16 to 20 days of hazardous hard work, but Mr. Wardle explained \$50 in those days would go further than \$150 today.

For discomfort, travel in the partly desert country was nearly as bad in the summer as in the winter; but for all around hardships the winter trips were the worst. Sometimes it got as cold as 40 degrees below zero and the snow would be five to six feet deep. Twenty horses were often hitched to one wagon to open a trail. The driver had to walk most of the way to keep from freezing to death. In the spring and fall there was deep mud. When there was a cloudburst they made for high ground and stayed there.

The most hazardous part of the journey lay between Myton and the Bad Land Cliffs. There, sweating teams and drivers negotiated Nine-Mile Canyon, Gate Canyon and finally the summit. Occasionally a wagon would get off the dim trail and plunge into the canyon. All the driver could do was to jump free and then go down and cut free the horses that had not broken away from the traces. Mr. Wardle never lost a horse but many of the drivers were less fortunate. He had one especially fine team of Percherons that served him faithfully for nine years.

Although the Ute Indians even then clothed themselves in scalps of the early settlers for their three-day Scalp Dance and Feast, they rarely bothered the freighters during that era.

On one occasion a renegade red man bolstered by firewater rode up to the camp one night and told Mr. Wardle and his brother that he was going to shoot them. Mr. Wardle's brother-in-law banged the Indian's head with a rock. Then they lowered him to the bottom of a gilsonite shaft with a rope and removed him the next morning the same way. Aside from a bump on the head and a hangover, the much sobered Indian was none the worse for his uprising.

The pioneer freighter watched the gradual change from the days of lonely travel until later when there would be as many as 50 freight outfits camped in one place for the night. Then the dirt roads became improved highways and this marked the day that in one of his five trucks he could spin over the Price to Vernal route in three hours instead of the 16 to 20 days.

—John Brosnan.

FREIGHTING TO COLORADO

Within ten years after the settlement of Utah a surplus of agricultural crops was being produced. At first food supplies were freighted westward from the Missouri river or northward from New Mexico to supply the miners and settlers of present Colorado. During 1859, flour sold for from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per hundred pounds in Denver. Potatoes and onions were 25 cents per pound, butter one dollar, eggs 75 cents per dozen, and other produce in proportion.

As news came to Utah of high prices being paid in the Colorado mining camps, enterprising Utahns decided to send supplies to this new market by wagon train. Late in the summer of 1860 several trains of supplies started out from Salt Lake City and Provo bound for the Colorado market. It was a long haul by way of Fort Bridger, South Pass, the Sweetwater and North Platte and in due time the little town of Denver was reached.

The miners and business men of Colorado (then called Jefferson Territory) were surprised and gratified to see the supply trains pull into the market place. The Rocky Mountain News of Denver, on October 5, 1860, comments: "There arrived yesterday a vast quantity of fresh eggs, butter, onions, barley, oats, etc., only fifteen days from the city of the Saints. We hear also of 12,000 sacks of flour now on the road, five thousand bushels of corn, a large quantity of barley, onions and other produce now enroute for this city in the trains of Miller, Russell, and Company. This is an unexpected branch of trade. Nobody here dreamed of any supply of provisions coming from the West. Army supplies for Camp Floyd are still transported from the Missouri river; even corn and oats that are fed to stock. It seems strange that Utah is now able to ship thousands of sacks of flour to this country. The pioneers must be prospering and Uncle Sam must be very short-sighted or some of his agents are great rascals. We are assured this flour that is coming is equal in quality to the best superfine flour from the states."

On October 10, 1860, the same Denver paper tells of the arrival of the train of Mr. Crismon of Salt Lake City with ten or twelve wagons loaded with flour, etc. On the following day, two more trains of Miller, Russell, and Company from Provo arrived in Denver. Each train included twenty-six wagons. The freight consisted chiefly of flour and oats. The large Utah shipments over-stocked the market and flour dropped to \$8.00 per hundred pounds.

The following year, 1861, saw a continued exportation of food from Utah to Colorado by team. The supply was so great that prices dropped to new low levels. Flour sold for \$5.00 and \$6.00 per hundred pounds. Lieutenant Casper Collins, who was stationed to guard the road along the upper North Platte from Indian attacks, records the continual passing of Utah freight trains to Colorado in 1862.

—IDAHO—

FATHER ALPHONSE BROSSARD'S FREIGHTING EXPERIENCES

Amable Alphonse (Alf) Brossard, the subject of this sketch, was born June 8, 1846, and baptized in the Catholic church, June 10, 1846, at la Prairie, province of Quebec, Canada. He was the third child of Louis Brossard and Henrietta Lefevre. He left his home in Canada when he was 17 years of age and came to the United States to learn the English language and to seek his fortune in the early pioneer mining in Montana, Idaho, and Utah. He came up the Missouri river to Fort Benton, Montana, on a flat boat and enroute he and his fellow boat passengers were attacked twice by the Indians. The second attack of the boat became a real pitch battle in which hundreds of Indians and several boat passengers were killed.

After landing in Fort Benton he outfitted himself with a pack mule, started West with others, and finding mining good in Montana he worked in placer mines in Alder Gulch and Virginia City, Montana, and the Helena Last Chance mining area. He made a fair stake in Montana but the cost of food and clothing were extremely high and as the diggings played out he mined in the Salmon river country and the Boise Basin area in Idaho. At Boise he attended night school. He was hurt while working in the mines in the Boise Basin and started for Utah. In the fall he started down the Payette river and in the winter he stayed with two French trappers a few miles above where Emmett, Idaho, is now located. In the spring he started for Utah and stopped in Richmond.

While in Richmond his cousin, Charles Lefevre, advised him to buy a freighting outfit, which he did, as, also, did Dec Rainey, some of the Bullen boys and others. He freighted from Corrine, Utah, the end of the railroad, to Fort Benton, Montana, through Butte and Helena, Montana, and a few trips as far as Fort McCloud, Canada.

The twelve and fourteen mules at first and later horses used in hauling the three large freight wagons hooked together were driven with one jerk line attached to a well trained lead horse. The driver usually rode the high wheel horse and occasionally he would walk part of the way. The horses all pulled from a long chain to which the stretchers were fastened. Four horses or two teams in lead of the wheel horses were known as pointers. They were trained to get over the chain and pull in order to keep the wagon in line when going around a curve. Each freighter took special pride in his lead horse as so much depended on him for proper handling of the whole team. Alphonse Brossard was an excellent horseman and as Mr. Anderson of the old Eagle Rock toll bridge told my husband, Louise Brossard, in 1903, when he found out he was a son of "Frenchy" Brossard, as Mr. Anderson says the Eagle Rock men called him, "that he could always tell Frenchy from a distance away because of the excellent way he handled his team."

In the last quarter of the 19th Century when the Union Pacific transcontinental railroad was completed through Utah to California, there were no feeder railroads north or south of it. All produce and supplies to towns north or south of this transcontinental road had to be hauled by horse-drawn wagons, as, of course, there were no motor cars in those days.

Father Alphonse Brossard with many other pioneer men were freighters who hauled this produce, mining and farming machinery and equipment and other supplies, from the nearest railway station at Corrine, Utah, to Butte and Helena, Montana, and to northern interior towns in Idaho, Montana, Oregon, and Washington.

Father used a twelve-horse and later a fourteen-horse and mule team and two or three freight wagons with their characteristic high and wide wagon boxes and large wide-tired wheels. Those freighters had many trying and exasperating experiences with their large loads and long teams on primitive roads, attacked by thieves and hijackers, and more serious of all by the native Indians. The Indians were always treated friendly and kindly and for the most part they reciprocated this treatment. But at times, for various reasons of ill treatment by some of the white settlers, trappers, or newcomers, or because of the Indians' misunderstanding the white man's ways and purposes, the Indians would go on the warpath. At such times it was dangerous to be caught alone by them or to be inadequately armed and protected or in insufficient numbers in groups for defense from attacks by bands of these hostile tribes.

Father Brossard naturally had his share of hazardous and miraculous escapes from death by the Indians. One such experience he related one evening in the peace and quiet of his Logan home when he was 75 years old and retired from regular employment.

He had a very valuable load of freight for Butte, Montana. The store owner in Butte had contracted to pay especially well for the early delivery of the freight because of the urgency of his deliveries to his Butte customers. Father was therefore anxious to deliver the load as soon as possible and to avoid all delay—the earlier the delivery the greater the bonus. Money being needed for his wife and young growing family and for the purchase of their anticipated ranch home, he was especially anxious to make every day count as much as possible towards achieving these much wanted goals.

He had a very good team, well fed, hard muscled, and accustomed to hard work. Consequently, the afternoon the company of freighters arrived at McCammon, Idaho, early, the group decided to camp there for the night, but father decided to continue on for several hours more and to camp on the Portneuf river above McCammon. His team was fresh and he was not tired and was anxious to get along as far as possible each day.

Some friends urged him not to go on alone, pointing out how much more pleasant the trip would be with the whole company together, and so on. But father decided to drive on for several hours anyway. About an hour out of McCammon he met some freighters going south. They told him some of the Blackfoot Indians were on the warpath as they said the Indians believed some white man had killed one of their men. They suggested that father return with them to McCammon and wait for the others to form a company to proceed in numbers for safety. Father, however,

was unafraid. He believed with Brigham Young it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them, and theretofore had always made friends with the Indians and avoided any trouble with them, and he decided to continue on alone for a few more miles.

A little further on he saw on a high cliff to the right above the road two large Indian braves in warpaint and feathers with their long rifles in their hands, watching him approach on the road which passed very near and just beneath them. This really startled father, and for the first time he realized his great danger. 'Twas too late to turn back; there was nothing left to do but make the best of the serious situation and try to get himself out of this dangerous debacle. He did some quick thinking and made some definite decisions.

He knew he must not go further alone. His safety depended on getting back with the group at McCammon. But how was he to do it with two against him, each with a loaded rifle and on the warpath against any white man for revenge against the murder of one of theirs?

He pulled up to the side of the road in an open space with room to turn around. Then motioned for the two braves to come down and join him. After hesitating and ever alert, they came down and up to the wagons. But now what was he to do? There they were; would they shoot him then and scalp him there? His thoughts flew and his heart beat fast. But with calm exterior, he talked friendly with them and with sign and motion language conveyed to them that if they would help him unhitch his team and make a fire, he would cook and share his meal with them.

Fortunately for him they understood him and accepted his invitation to dinner. He was not sure what they thought about it. Perhaps that they could kill him after dinner as well as before. At any rate they did as he said and stacked their guns against the jockey box at the front of the wagon and went gathering sagebrush and dry sticks for the fire.

As soon as they were a little distance from the wagon, father threw their two guns in the wagon and hid them, took his .45 calibre six-shooter (Colt) from the jockey box and put on his cartridge belt and holster and hitched the team back up. When the Indians looked around again and came in with the firewood, father was on his seat turning the team around and heading back for McCammon.

He said the Indian braves looked stunned and amazed yet stolid, and started back towards the hills, probably for help from their tribe. Without any parting ceremony and with all haste, father speeded his return to McCammon. Time was the essence, for he knew he must get there before being overtaken by these two Indians and the recruited tribesmen who would surely do away with him if they overtook him in his retreat.

He arrived safely back in McCammon and with much relief and deep appreciation for the preserving care of our Heavenly Father, to whom he had earnestly prayed for protection and preservation, he related his harrowing experience to his other freighting comrades.

After that experience all those freighters, especially father, kept posted as well as possible about the existing tempers and disposition of the Indians through whose territory they had to travel. When any of them were on the warpath or seeking vengeance for some white man's reputed mistakes, the freighters traveled together on the alert, well armed, and protected the best they could be.

—Dr. Edgar B. Brossard.

AN OLD FREIGHTER

Oscar James Wells, known as Tod Wells, son of Erastus Nelson and Nancy Malinda Wells, born August 14, 1839, at Willard, Utah, tells his own story:

"After we moved into our new home in Malad, Idaho, and I was old enough, my job was to get the cows. I thought I was not to go home until I found them, so one night, I remember, I looked until two o'clock in the morning before I found them. No matter how late it got, I never went home without the cows.

"I was seventeen years of age when I started out for myself. The first summer I freighted with my brother, Erastus N. Wells, into Nevada and up to Fort Hall, Idaho, then on to Eagle Rock, or Idaho Falls as it is now known, and on into the Salmon river country. We freighted groceries into Lemhi Valley for the Indians. In 1875 the Lemhi Reservation in Lemhi county was set apart for the Tendoy band of Indians.

"The first agency was at Agency creek. Later on the Indians received their rations about a mile across the creek from the old store sheltered under the cliffs just as you come off the bar in the upper end of Lemhi Valley. It was August, 1877, as we were making our way across the dreary stretch of desert road when finally in the distance we could see Birch Creek. We were always happy to see these trees and the water; but this time as we were driving along we could see an object which proved to be three freight wagons that had been loaded with groceries. The whole thing had been set afire and was still smoldering. About three days before this four men—Hayden, Green, Combs and a stranger—had been massacred by the Nez Perce Indians. This was a never to be forgotten thing, but we must go on with our loads.

"In 1878, I hauled lumber and wood into Butte, Montana, and brick to the Lexonton mine.

"In 1879, my cousin, Harley Wells, and I leased a farm in Montana between Butte and Deer Lodge. We made good on the farm and we also sold vegetables. That summer I took time to go home for a short visit. I drove a team to Idaho Falls, or Eagle Rock, and left them in the care of Joe and Charlie Cockrell. I went to Malad on horseback and on my return to Idaho Falls, I loaded my wagon for Montana. When I got back to the farm, we finished taking care of the crops, sold them, and went to the farm, we finished taking care of the crops, sold them, and went to freighting again. We hauled lumber that winter. The next summer I hauled brick to the Lexonton mine in Butte. This was in the summer of 1881. In the late fall I went home to Malad.

"In the spring of 1882, Jack Shivers and I hauled giant powder from Corrine, Utah, to Mullins' Tunnel between Deer Lodge and Helena, Montana. After delivering our load at Mullins' Tunnel we went on to Helena and loaded with groceries for Fort Benton on the Missouri river. From Fort Benton we took groceries to Fort Ash Navoin. When we arrived at Fort Ash Navoin, we loaded for Milk River. Jack Shivers and his brother-in-law and a man I hired to drive the team took this load on to Milk River and I returned home to marry Rowaine Moon, daughter of Hugh and Elizabeth Kennish Moon. The wedding took place at my mother's home in the presence of relatives and friends.

"After a two weeks honeymoon, I returned to Fort Benton on the stage. From there I took a steam boat down the Missouri river to Cole Banks. The United States soldiers were stationed at Cole Banks and the officer would not let me stay there. He said if I stayed I would be placed under guard and he did not want to do that. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, so there was nothing left for me to do but walk to Fort Ash Navoin. I was hungry when I left Cole Banks as they would not sell me any food, so I started on my way. I walked ten miles when I met some half-breed Indians and they gave me some dried buffalo meat. I was never more thankful for anything in my life. I was nearly starved and I still had a long way to go. There were lots of buffalo in that country and they would sometime stampede. The grass was tall, a little above my knees. The wind was blowing and every moment I thought I could hear them coming. There were no trees, willows, or anything for protection and it was about 15 miles to water, and no way to get there but to walk. However, with a prayer in my heart, I went on and on in the night. I walked until nearly daylight. It was just beginning dawn when I saw a bunch of alders. With a thankful heart once more for this protection from the buffalo, I layed down to rest under these trees. I rested until the sun came up. I had only walked a few miles when some Indians overtook me and gave me a ride into Fort Ash Navoin on the Red River carts.

"When I got there the wagons were loaded and the team was ready so we started back to Fort Benton. From there we loaded with groceries for Helena. We hauled freight from Butte to Missoula, Deer Lodge, and as far as Stevensville in the Bitter Root Valley, hauling until winter. This was the fall of 1882. The winter of 1882-83, I spent at home in Malad and our first child was born. It was spring before I went to Annecondu."

JOHN S. WELLS TELLS STORY OF FREIGHTING

We drove two teams into Lost River. We drove from eight to fourteen head of horses all under jerk line that ran from the high horse bit to the wheel horse and fastened to the saddle on the high wheel horse that the driver rode and drove the team from.

We worked seven of the wheel horses that grew on the river, always on the off side of the team and away from the pile line, so that they could not mix up the team. They were tied to the spreaders of the team ahead of them and their tugs were wired so they couldn't get loose and they were there for keeps. We freighted from Blackfoot to Challis, Clayton and Bayhorse up the Salmon river. It took us about seven days from the ranch (Tot Wells' ranch on Lost river) to Blackfoot and back to Huston. It was close to a hundred mile trip for a load of two wagons, around fifteen to twenty thousand pounds on the wagons. In the Salmon river we saw lots of salmon four and five feet long.

Ida was Tot's line horse and she was certainly a good one. Old Queen was my line horse—she was not as trusty as Ida. Tot always had good pullers. He would pull two of his horses, Tom and Glen, against anything. He was pulling willows when Jude Wells went up to Lost

river and Jude said, "General," he always called Tot General, "if you had a yoke of cattle you could pull willows better than with horses." Tot said, "You never saw a yoke of cattle that could pull with my team, Tom and Glen." "You better come and watch them pull." So Jude went down to the river to see them pull the willows. When he came back, I said, "How does that team compare with an ox team?" He said, "They beat anything I ever saw, but don't tell General that I said that." Jude said, "the General just put that lasso chain around a big bunch of willows and started them to pull and went back of the willows and began to chop. After a spell he went around and said, "Pull a little harder so that I can get under the roots to chop" — and those horses did. Jude said that team can't be beat and I. H. Green, Lost River's best merchant, said they could not be beat.

A man loaded two wagons at Green's warehouse. It was a bad place to get out of, but he got out with two teams. A man said, "I don't think there is another man on the river that could get out of there." J. H. Green said, "You get that load back there and I will bet you fifty dollars that Tot Wells can get it out with one team," but the man wouldn't bet.

Tot used to ride a lot of their race horses on the fair ground. Any horse he rode, I. H. Green would bet on and most of the crowd was the same way. It was the usual thing for just two common saddle horses to be matched for a race and they would get from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars and Tot usually came out ahead.

—Milenda Wells.

JOURNAL OF OSCAR F. LYONS

Oscar F. Lyons' Diary, written while he was employed by Mr. I. J. Calisher and Co., Freighting—

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1860—Today I was hired by Mr. Calisher to drive six yoke of oxen to the states. My wages were to be \$25.00 a month.

Sept. 2—I helped to load the wagons till about four o'clock then John Garr and I were sent over to Crismon's Ranch after cattle. We got there late so we couldn't get the cattle together and back that day so we stayed all night. When we got home I saw one of my cousins, whom I hadn't seen for 16 years, Harrison Martin. He wanted to go with me but Mr. Calisher had all his hands hired, so there was no chance.

Sept. 4—Today we started for Pike's Peak. John Craig broke the reach out of his wagon when leaving the corral. We camped at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. We traveled 3 miles on the 5th and on the 6th we lost a yoke of oxen. We went over the mountain today. We had to have 15 yoke of cattle on a wagon. J. Craig broke the tongue out of his wagon. John Garr run a tire off his wagon, just before he got to camp at Gulfs Hardies.

Sept. 10—We got to Lamb's Canyon today but couldn't go on as John Craig had to get his wagon fixed. On the 12th we went over the summit and to Wm. Kimballs on the 13th. I was cooking today and George Barzee came in and stepped in my bread pan. It roused the lion in me.

Sept. 14—We went down 3 mile Canyon. Malin Smith upset his wagon. We camped within 1/2 mile of Weber River.

Sept. 15—We got within 5 miles of Echo.

Sept. 16—We traveled 4 miles up Echo Canyon, we stopped at Briggs and got a quart of whiskey. We had quite a time firing our pistols at the rocks to hear them echo.

Sept. 17 We traveled 12 miles today. Henry Cornelius upset his wagon.

Sept. 18—We camped 1 mile from the mail station at a spring.

Sept. 19—We met a hand cart company at Meadles Rocks. Bro. Oscar Stoddard was captain of the Handcart Company. An English lady ask us teamsters to each give a potato. Then she would have a mess. After supper our captain Robert Henry gave us a sack of potatoes, to take to the hand cart camps. So John Garr, Joseph Neighbor and I and two or three more took them down. We tried to divide them equal but one lady was missed, she felt so bad she cried. So Joseph Neighbor gave her some onions. We spent the evening singing hymns and comic songs. I sang the "Drunkard's Dream," it made some of the ladies cry. I hadn't enjoyed myself so much for many a day. I sent a letter to the city to My folks by the captain. I stayed a little longer than the rest of the boys. (Lizzie bid me). We camped on Sulphur Creek 2 miles from Bear River. Ike Neighbor passed us, he was on his way to Pike's Peak. We Camped at the mountains springs. Lots of grass and water. We Stopped at Millers Ville 3 hrs., sold 30 bu. of potatoes at \$1.25, 2 bu. of onions at \$2 a bu., 2 bu. of oats at \$2.50 a bu.

Sept. 24—We met the mail today. Howel Niflin and Don Harder was with it. Camped 6 miles from Millers Ville.

Sept. 27—We camped on Black Fork. I never saw so many currants and buffalo berries. A man could pick 20 bu. by himself a day.

Sept. 28—We traveled 12 miles. One wagon broke down and an ox got sick we had to leave it.

Sept. 29—Some of the boys went back for the wagon this morning. We traveled 5 miles up Bitter Creek. Very little water and grass.

Sept. 30—Camped at Rock Springs. I had to herd cattle in the hills and I found some very peculiar rocks looks like coal there is coal streaks all over the hills.

Oct. 1, 1860—We had to cross a part of the desert today. We saw a pretty green spot and thot it was grass, but it was only weeds. There is grass in the hills and pools of water along the creek. Jefferson Moss was very sick, the captain had to drive his team.

Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1860—Jeff Moss is about the same today we only traveled about 2 miles then let the cattle feed and drink. There is sure a lot of rabbits here. Some of the boys and I went out and shot plenty for supper and breakfast in about 15 minutes. This is the best water we found on the desert.

Oct. 3—We traveled 10 miles the road was sandy and full of chuck holes. J. Moss is better this afternoon.

Oct. 4—We traveled twelve miles today. It has been awful windy. The desert nearly blinded us. A new law was passed today. It was if any one swore he was to be put in the creek. Malin Smith was the first to go in. I went on guard tonight had to take the cattle 2 miles from camp.

Oct. 6—Traveled 10 miles today. Crossed the south fork of Retter Creek. Henry Cornelius broke the king bolt out of his wagon. J. Moss

is about the same. It is Oct. 6, conference is being held in Great Salt Lake City. I wish I was there for about 3 days. We are camped about 3 miles from Colorado Springs.

Oct. 7—We traveled 17 miles camped with in 3 miles of barrel springs, we had a hunt for antelope and had to herd the cattle in the corral.

Oct. 8—Taveled 3 miles the grass and water isn't very good, salt very thick all along the creek. Jeff is better. Had to go on guard tonight.

Oct. 11—We traveled 8 miles today. After we camped I went to hunt antelope. I could see Sen Wines and John Vance's train. It was 27 miles behind us.

Oct. 17—We traveled 10 miles today, met Crismons train. They were on their return trip from Pike's Peak. I wrote a letter for the captain to J. Calisher and Co. and I sent a letter back home by Jake Handrickson. We camped on Elm Creek it is very pretty here.

Oct. 19—We traveled 6 miles today, killed a cow, she was wild. Jeff Moss went on horse back to shoot her. She was shot 9 times. We met a man a foot, he was going to Salt Lake City. He was out of provisions. The captain let him have some.

Oct. 22—Traveled 24 miles today past East Laramie, camped 8 miles from East Laramie. Traveled 15 miles camped at the spring.

Oct. 27—We traveled 19 miles met Clark Kellog, he was going to kill H. Cornelius. Cornelius sent a letter to Kellog's wife with lies in it. C. had to sign a lie bill.

Oct. 28—Went 12 miles today I saw John Bigler at the Boulder, he advised me not to throw a card or stay in Denver, and not to drink. Altho he was a gambler he gave me some good advice.

Oct. 29—We traveled 12 miles camped on Clur Creek 4 miles from Denver. Wines' train caught up to us. Calisher came out to camp today.

Oct. 30—We went on into Denver, unloaded at Bere V. Souls ware-house. Then we took the cattle out about 3 miles to eat. It snowed about 2 inches last night.

Oct. 31—We helped to put the sacks in the store this fore noon, then this afternoon we made a corral with the wagons, at the house that Calisher rented for us.

Nov. 1—We helped to put more sacks in the store. John Vance left for S.L.C. today. I sent a letter with him but let the folks know where I was.

Nov. 2—I went to see the horse race today. Cal Johnson ran his horse against Mr. Gerres, Cut beat. I saw Henry Hall and Ed.

Nov. 6—I and Henry Worthin went to work for Mr. Smith we were to make a race track at \$1.50 a day.

Nov. 7—It snowed all day today. We worked on the track.

Nov. 10—Some of the boys went after wood.

Nov. 12—Went to work on the track. There was a meeting. They had just got word Abraham Lincoln had been elected to President of the United States.

Nov. 13—It snowed all day I got a novel to read it was Hirculus Hardy a very good book.

Nov. 14—We didn't get paid for working on the race track we won't work any more till we get paid.

Nov. 15—We divided the stake today. I got 80 lbs. of flour at 11½ dollars 1 hundred. 5 lbs. of sugar at 30c a lb. 5 lbs. of coffee at 35c a lb. 2 boxes of yeast powders at 40c per box. 10 lbs. meat at 10c per pound. \$13.45 whole amount.

There was nothing of any account happened till Dec. 20th I have commenced a new book today Dec. 20, 1860.

WYOMING

My father was a freighter and his work took him to Cheyenne, Wyo. After he was established there, mother and I left Fennemore, Wis., my birthplace, to join him. I was seven years old, and I will never forget the first night there. My uncle was running the Black Hills forwarding house and father was at that time on a trip. The forwarding house was filled up that night, so my uncle told mother that we could sleep in a little office he had. There were no electric lights, of course, so mother lit a candle so we could see to get to bed. There was a tarpaulin on the floor and when she threw it back the bodies of two men were exposed. They had been shot. I remember one had a bullet hole right between his eyes. I didn't sleep so well that night believe me. I know I will never forget that experience if I live to be as old as Methuselah.

I started going with father on his freighting trips when I was just a youngster and followed that line of work for a long time. It was slightly more difficult in those days than it is now. I remember when there were no bridges west of Kearney, Neb. We had a contract for freighting government supplies. There were many forts around that country and they had to order their supplies about two years ahead because it took so long to get them. We got the freight from the train at Sidney, Nebraska, and then took it as far as the river, where soldiers would guard it until the water froze over so we could get across.

—Bryan E. Perkins.

EARLY NEVADA TRANSPORTATION

Placerville Road

Into the town of Placerville

Out of the rosy East

I sweep to the song of the whippoorwill

On the back of my faithful beast.

The feverish town of Placerville

Full flushed with the glow of gold,

And the greed that grips the miner still

Is stronger than of old.

And in the town of Placerville

Each house had a jug of gold;

Nor lock, nor bar, nor guard, nor grill

To keep the peaceful hold.

For he, who steals in Placerville

Wins speedily a halter,

And hangs upon the highest hill

With neither priest nor psalter.

—Courtesy C. R. Mabey (Pony Express)

FAREWELL TO FREIGHTING

In the early days of the first gold discovery in the West, Hangtown was one of the most picturesque scenes of activity. It was so named because of the famous Hangtown Tree on Hangtown Creek, where lawbreakers were hanged with very little ceremony, that justice might prevail. It was later called Placerville because of the extensive placer mining, where men sometimes pondered whether to use their hand for crops and food or to placer mine, take out the gold and leave only rocks.

With the spring of 1860 came the mad rush to the mines of Virginia City. Men thronged over the route from Placerville, the historic old emigrant road (now again placed in repair and improved as a toll-road). The traffic by team and by stage soon became staggering. Across the Sierras they came, the road was packed with struggling men, horses and wagons, herds of cattle and sheep and even men with wheel-barrows loaded with their possessions, all headed for Washoe and the silver mines. The main road was little more than one hundred miles from Placerville to Virginia City, and cost more than a half million dollars. Its maintenance cost from two to five thousand dollars a mile, which included sprinkling in the dry months and kept clear of snow in the winter. The toll collected between Sacramento and Virginia City was fifteen dollars for each additional horse. There were as many as sixteen horses or mules harnessed to four wagons, one wagon attached to the other. Wagon trains were miles in length at times, in a double formation, and a teamster who was unfortunate enough to get out of line was obliged to wait for hours.

In 1863 the Sacramento Union said there were 2772 teams and 14,652 horses and mules used in freighting business, and as much as 20,000,000 pounds of freight passed over the Placerville road in eight weeks at a cost of six cents per pound. Three lines of stages carried twenty-four thousand passengers from California to Nevada and sixteen thousand back to California in 1863; one-way fare was twenty-seven dollars. The schedule of time from Sacramento to Virginia City, one hundred and sixty-two miles, was three days. A special stage once made the trip in twelve hours and twenty-three minutes.

The building of the Central Pacific railroad was rushed in order to get the freight and passenger business from Sacramento to the Comstock mine. The agents of the Central Pacific estimated that 150,000,000 pounds of freight were handled each year and 3,000 men employed in the business. There were many stations between the towns of Virginia City and Placerville. Specially designed wagons made by California artisans were used. No better and stronger wagons were ever made and 16 mule teams were able to haul twenty-four tons of freight at one time over the Sierras.

Salts were carried to the Comstock from the Forty Mile desert by nine Bactrian camels, imported from Asia in the spring of 1861. Each camel carried about five hundred pounds.

Donald Davidson, a Scotchman, was the first ore buyer on the Comstock. He purchased two hundred tons of Ophir ore at two hundred dollars per ton and sent it over the Sierras by pack mule. The miners celebrated the event by a climb to Sun Peak, which they christened Mt. Davidson. In 1860 forty tons of ore from the Comstock mine was shipped by pack mules to San Francisco. The transportation cost from twenty-five to thirty cents a pound and the shipment produced \$160,000 in gold and silver.

The year 1868 was known throughout the whole Rocky Mountain region as the big railroad year. The screech of the Union Pacific locomotive was heard upon the plains, and the great road was soon to penetrate the everlasting hills. Prominent Utah men contracted to build about two hundred miles of track, but were unable to proceed until supplies could be brought from the terminus of the Union Pacific, way off in the plains of Wyoming. The spring was wet and backward. The mountain streams, during the break, became raging torrents. Toll roads, toll bridges and ferries were so numerous along the route that it would have bankrupted the ordinary freighter to patronize them all. Before winter was fairly over, the old-time freighters hitched up their teams and made a break for the railroad terminus, some five hundred miles away to the east of Salt Lake City. There were upwards of three hundred teams in the company, owned by George Crismon, Charles Crismon, Malin Weller, David H. Cannon, William Streeter, Samuel McIntyre, William McIntyre, Riley Judd, Quince Knowlton, William H. Hooper, Heber P. Kimball, David P. Kimball and others. Each company traveled under the supervision of a wagon boss, or captain. Most of the drivers were experienced western men, not afraid of anything, and in endurance as tough as the proverbial boiled owl.

About the first of May they started on their perilous journey. All went well until they reached Coalville, where one of the boys came near losing his life. Chalk creek was overflowing its banks, and had cut a deep channel around the bridge. As he was fording this dangerous place, his saddle animal lost its footing, and away they went down the stream. Had it not been for timely aid, he and his outfit soon would have been floating over the briny waters of the inland sea!

In the afternoon of the third day they arrived at Echo canyon creek, where was an old fashioned pole toll bridge, costing, I venture, less than one hundred dollars. For crossing this shaky old structure, which was almost submerged, the keeper demanded three dollars per wagon, cash down. The bosses refused to pay it, so decided to ford the treacherous stream, if possible. The crossing was just above the bridge, only a few rods from where the creek empties into the Weber river. For the trial trip they selected the best team in the outfit, a magnificent four-thousand-dollar ten-mule team, owned by Hooper and Knowlton. Before the venture was made, a number of the boys gathered around with axes and lariats, to be used in case of trouble. When all was ready, Bill Luce, Hooper and Knowlton's wagon boss, mounted the rear wheeler and started his outfit through this mountain torrent. As the trusty leaders neared the center of the stream, everybody watched with bated breath. The moment the animals reached the main channel, the current picked them up, quick as lightning, and carried them downstream. In less than five seconds three pairs of mules disappeared under the bridge. In less time than that, the draw chain, that held them to the wagon, was cut by one of the men on shore. Quick as thought, the animals shot downstream, with incredible rapidity, but before they reached the raging, roaring waters of the Weber a number of expert throwers of the lariat lassooed the heads of the mules, and within a very short time the six drowning

animals were safely hauled ashore. A shout went up from a hundred throats in honor of the boys who performed this heroic act. The toll-bridge keeper stood nearby, a pleasant smile playing over his countenance, thinking, perhaps, that it is better to be born lucky than rich. He collected the toll without further trouble.

When the boys arrived at Yellow creek, they faced a similar proposition, except that it was mud to cross instead of water. Here they were compelled to pay another three dollars per wagon, there being no way to avoid it.

Next day they reached Bear river. The first object to meet their gaze was a big signboard with the inscription: "Toll-bridge, five dollars for wagons; fifty cents a head for loose animals. No credit here." This meant about fifteen hundred dollars toll for the outfit, and the captains' pocketbooks had already, from previous drains, commenced to crumple at the corners. It had rained every day since they left home, and the river was, therefore, very high. The bosses first scanned their gaunt pocketbooks, then studied the sign over the bridge. They sat down on the river bank to watch the driftwood, as it shot by at the rate of a half mile a minute. After partaking of a hearty meal, they gathered fresh courage, and set about to ford the river. As good luck would have it, in doing this they lost neither man nor beast, a feat nothing short of a miracle.

Next morning they came to another mud stream, with a cheap bridge over it. The proprietor wanted three dollars per wagon for the privilege of driving over this rickety old thing. The boys, however, saw a way around it. They drove about a half mile above, and selected a place where it was believed they could cross. At that place the slough was about one hundred feet wide, and the banks on both sides were almost perpendicular. The mud was so deep that even loose animals could not wade through it. Besides this a blinding blizzard was raging. With these disadvantages staring them in the face, the boys were yet equal to the occasion. Unhitching a number of their animals, they drove them, single-file, over a rough mountain trail, some distance above, at which place they crossed. Returning to the mud-hole opposite their wagons, they arranged their teams once more for action. In the meantime, the men who remained on the other side drove their wagons very near to the slough, and let them down into it by hand; then, taking long chains, fastened the ends to the wagon tongues and, wading, carried the other ends over to the boys on the opposite side. The teams were now hitched to the ends of these chains, and so the wagons were hauled over. The majority of the boys worked at this job in mud and water up to their waists, all day long. By five o'clock that night camp was again on the move. At the foot of Quakingaspen ridge they found plenty of wood. Here they built bonfires, dried their clothing, cooked supper and went to rest, satisfied that they had outwitted another greedy toll-bridge keeper.

Next morning the snow was a foot deep, and the wind was still blowing. The boys got a late start, and it was nearly noon before they reached the summit of Quakingaspen ridge, the highest pass between Salt Lake City and the terminus of the railroad. The roads were somewhat better from this point on, and it was downgrade most of the way to the Green river. However, it was almost impossible to get around the numerous toll-

bridges that continued to block their progress. To cross such streams as Green river and the North Platte on ferries cost five dollars for each wagon, to say nothing of the risk taken in swimming their animals over.

The Indians were hostile that season, committing depredations all along the road. Reaching Bitter creek, the boys were compelled to get out their breech-loaders. Thus equipped they were prepared to defend themselves against their dusky foes. Being experienced Indian fighters, they were well acquainted with the cunning ways of the lurking Redskin thieves. On the plains, a few hundred yards away, one cannot distinguish an Indian from a white man, which fact gave the Indians a great advantage. Scarcely a day passed, after they left Bitter creek, but their teams were stampeded, for the animals were quick to catch the scent of the Redman. Sometimes the animals ran several hundred yards before they could be stopped. Several of the drivers came near losing their lives in these run-aways. The wagons were empty, hence easily drawn. The teams often started to run without giving the slightest warning. After Elk mountains were reached, all were supplied with fresh meat, and from there on plenty of elk, deer, and antelope were encountered.

Just twenty-nine days from the date the boys left home, they arrived at Big Laramie, the terminus of the railroad. It had stormed every day up to this time, consequently they had slept in damp bedding the whole distance. The Big Laramie river was very swollen. The bridge across it had been carried away. The tie contractors, however, had built a boom at this place, which answered the purpose of a foot bridge for those who dared to cross it. It consisted of green logs coupled together with log chains. The river was about one hundred and fifty feet wide with a strong current. The boom was completely submerged. A streak of white foam, caused by the rushing waters beating against the logs, was the only visible guide. The whirling waters made the boom dance like a jumping jack. It was as much as a greenhorn's life was worth to undertake to cross it.

Laramie City was on the opposite side of the river, and about two miles from camp. As soon as darkness brooded over the land, every driver in camp crossed the boom and even jollied one another in daredevil fashion as they went, by churning the logs up and down in the surging waters. Reaching town, they remained until midnight watching the sights—no tame affair. Hundreds of desperate characters were gathering at this place for what they could get out of it. They often killed a man for a dollar, and if he hadn't the dollar, they were apt to kill him for not having it. Shootings were so common that only little attention was paid to them. Every "sure-thing game" ever thought of was brought into requisition at Laramie City, which at that time was the "Sodom" of the plains, sure enough.

After nearly a month, the delayed goods, for which the Utah boys had been waiting, arrived. Then there was "something doing." The goods consisted of plows, scrapers, wheelbarrows, powder, and every other thing in the line of supplies for building the railroad. Nearly every wagon had a cart hitched behind it, and some wagons had two or three. With their wagons loaded, the boys were soon homeward bound. The rich bunchgrass was now knee deep, and their animals became as fat and

sleek as seals. The roads being in splendid condition, good time was made. Uncle Sam, by this time, had stationed soldiers along the road, and the Indians were pretty well subdued.

Reaching Bitter creek, the freighters found it lined with railroad graders of the lowest type. The sluggish creek was nearly a hundred miles long, and thousands of workmen were sporting in its waters in the July weather and, besides, washing their dirty clothing in it. While this did not improve the taste of the water, it made but little difference to the graders, as the water they used for culinary purposes was hauled from the Green river and other far-off places. The freighters, however, were compelled to drink Bitter creek water, or go without. By the time they reached the mouth of this filthy stream, the water was so thick and slimy that Riley Judd, in a fit of rational humor, declared that after he started drinking the water he could not let go until he had chipped it off with his scissors. It was so full of alkali and other poisonous substances that it came near killing some of the toughest mules in camp—but the boys escaped.

Arriving at Bear river, the majority of the returning freighters went to work on the Naunna contract. This job completed, they went to work on President Young's one hundred mile contract, remaining there all winter. Crismon Brothers had a thirty-six mile contract which occupied the most of their time that season. That winter hay could not be purchased at any price and their animals were fed solely on shelled corn. Often in the morning the boys would find several dead animals lying around the camp. Crismon Brothers alone lost about fifty head. Had it not been for the exorbitant prices the railroad people paid for their work, such losses could not have been sustained. As soon as the railroad reached Ogden, early in May, 1869, the occupation of the Utah freighters was gone. They sold their outfits to the highest bidders and invested their means in other enterprises. Thus ended the big railroad year of 1868, and forever the days of freighting over the plains.

—Improvement Era.

TRUMAN'S GRANDFATHER SAVED FROM BUSINESS FAILURE BY BRIGHAM YOUNG

Again in the capital of Mormonism this week (Sept. 1948) President Truman related in public an anecdote that he had told in private at the time he headed the senate committee investigating war contracts in Utah in April, 1944.

The story has to do with the President's grandfather, Solomon Young, who, according to Mr. Truman, owed much to the generosity and wisdom of the Mormon pioneer leader, Brigham Young.

As related by the then Senator Truman to a Salt Lake Times reporter in 1944, Solomon Young was the owner of a large wagon train. The wagons were loaded with merchandise destined for delivery to a division of the United States army then encamped at Camp Floyd, now known as Cedar Fort in Tooele county. When Mr. Young reached Utah army officials refused to receive the merchandise valued at approximately \$200,000, Mr. Truman recalled. As a result Mr. Young was left with this merchandise and was unable to return east because his funds were exhausted.

In his search for a solution to a desperate situation, Mr. Young encountered President Young near Lehi. President Young invited the Missourian to bring his merchandise to Salt Lake City. On his arrival the Mormon leader aided his newly found friend in opening a store and disposing of the goods at a fair profit.

According to A. William Lund, LDS church historian, the Solomon Young wagon train consisted of 40 wagons and 130 oxen and arrived in Salt Lake City in 1860.

Mr. Young is credited with introducing in Utah the use of lighter wagons coupled together so that two wagons could be pulled with the same number of oxen as had previously been used to pull one.

LDS church records reveal that Solomon Young was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and died in Salt Lake City Sept. 24, 1914, at the age of 74. He is buried in a local cemetery.

Sale of Solomon Young's merchandise in Salt Lake City fulfilled in part the famous prophecy of the early Church leader, Heber C. Kimball, that eastern merchandise would be sold in Salt Lake City for less than the same quality of goods was bringing east of the Missouri river.

President Truman on his visit to Salt Lake City recently related the story in part during the course of his remarks at the Mormon tabernacle, and expressed the wish that his "old grandfather could see me now."

The story was widely broadcast by the scores of reporters and radio commentators accompanying the president on his western campaign tour.

